

The Upbuilding + +
+ + + + of a Race

THE UPBUILDING OF A RACE

OR

THE RISE OF A GREAT PEOPLE.

A Compilation
of Sermons, Addresses and Writings
on Education, the Race Question
and Public Affairs.

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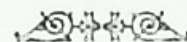
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PROF. W. T. VERNON.



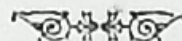
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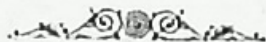
*In the lives of the strongest as well as the weak there
are periods of heartache and depression when
courage is needed for the stress of life.
To that one whose every act at all times has been
to cheer, who always through the most cheer-
less gloom sees even the faintest shim-
mering of that eternal ray of hope
which Fate appoints for those
who despair not, whose love
is ever my inspirallon—*

MY FAITHFUL WIFE.

*This humble, unpretentious volume is
affectionately dedicated by*

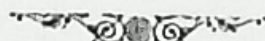
—THE AUTHOR.





"Rejoice, and give praise and glory to God, ye who have so long and wantonly participated in all the trials and vicissitudes of that mighty conflict! Having sown in tears, now reap in joy. Hail, redeemed, regenerated America! Hail, North and South, East and West! Hail, the cause of peace, of liberty, of righteousness, thus mightily strengthened and signal-ly glorified! . . . Hail, ye ransomed millions, no more to be chained, scourged, mutilated, bought and sold in the market, robbed of all rights, hunted as partridges upon the mountains, in your flight to obtain deliverance from the house of bondage, branded and scorned as a connecting link between the human race and the brute creation! Hail, all nations, tribes, kindreds, and peoples, 'made of one blood,' interested in a common redemption, heirs of the same immortal destiny! Hail, angels in glory and spirits of the just made perfect, and tune your harps anew, singing, 'Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty! Just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints!'"

—WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.



PREFACE.

THE purpose of this humble volume is not to give to the world a book, as do the authors of note and fame.

His inability to do this the author is not so egotistic as to fail to realize.

He does not know that he can offer anything not already said on a question which has lately seen a recrudescence betokening its weighty import to the millions of our country, and in its ultimate answering, the civilized world.

He knows, despite prophecies or assertions to the contrary, that his people are rising—surely rising; he feels that by the adoption of right principles THE UPBUILDING OF A RACE is finally an assured fact.

With good forming the basis of all true greatness, he believes that not until the conduct of nations and races is concordant with the Christ-spirit will the earth really know THE RISE OF A GREAT PEOPLE.

In an humble way he has striven at various times

to say or write something that would contribute to a rightful settlement of the questions at hand.

Following the advice of friends he gathers these sayings together and gives the same to the world in this *half-brochure-half-book*, knowing that great is the risk, though good is the intent.

He is a Negro—one of that army of near ten million who wear the yoke and feel the blight, who yearn for that which though around them for them is not, who fain would fly to grander heights if uncaged and bidden by opportunity to do their best; but he still hoping will not lose heart for his own, and through the years sees the brighter day coming when all men shall forget the accident of color or the incident of hair, and seeing worth, ability and greatness in any race shall from unprejudiced hearts say: 'These are men.'

Trusting that a generous public will be charitable with this effort which has been made while laboring arduously in the work of the institution and inviting criticism that he may improve upon the next, he remains yours for the right and equal and exact justice to all.

—THE AUTHOR.



"If any of you have doubt, or sorrow, or pain, if you doubt about this world, just remember what God has done! Just remember that this great sorrow of slavery has gone, gone by forever. . . . Let us never doubt. Everything that ought to happen is going to happen."

—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.



INTRODUCTORY.

TO the ever-recurring, all-engrossing and ever-vexatious question, falsely termed Negro-problem, there are answers sundry and no less misleading than the so-called problem itself. A chronic and consequently insurmountable shortcoming of this *problem-question* is its defective statement from the other side. Seldom is it handled by writers or speakers except in a Pharisaic, unsympathetic and counsel-darkening way. All approaches to the highway of this vital subject should be guarded by a catholic mind and man-kinned spirit which will conduct in safety and success to the goal desired. Any and all attempts from the pen and tongue of men however learned or eloquent, to dilate on the Negro, Chinese, Irish, Indian or any race, variety question, uninfluenced by a broad-gauged anthropological vision and disposition can only eventuate in draping it in deeper and more dismal colors. He who would write or speak to the best advantage on any subject should

both have a knowledge of and be in sympathy with that subject, and the subject matter of the publication the writer is about to introduce to fair-minded fact-seeking readers is no exception to the universal rule.

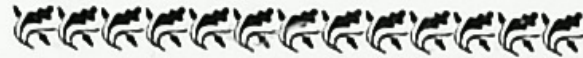
President W. T. Vernon, the gifted author of this unpretentious volume is in every way equal to the laudable task of adding another to the numerous contributions on race discussions. By education, travels, labors, achievement, position and unusual endowments as a thinker, writer and orator he is eminently entitled to a hearing on a subject which lies so near his heart. His contributions to the press, his speeches before audiences in legislative, educational, political, religious and miscellaneous circles have been culled, revised and supplemented and constitute the bulk of this book venture. But few will read the volume presented by the President of Western University without forming a higher estimate of the race and of the figure cut by every form of education in its more rapid and marvellous development.

H. T. JOHNSON,
Editor, The Christian Recorder.

Feb. 1904. Philadelphia, Pa.

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EDUCATION A PANACEA FOR OUR RACIAL ILLS.

"I hold in truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

—TENNYSON.

Reciting traditionary and legendary tales, groping through musty archives of the past, appealing to history—chronicler of the ages: we find that the growth of one nation or empire has been coincident with the retrogression of another; that nations progress, conquer, control the world and fall in their turn, and that the slavery of our race was but the repetition of the history of races.

We are told that Jerusalem was taken by the Babylonians; that the Jews were carried into captivity, hung their harps on the willows, and with broken hearts, yearning for the land of their nativity, did weep by the waters of that proud city of departed ages.

Did not the Israelites endure the oppression of Egypt's proud Pharaohs until God sent to deliver them, the law-giver, guarded by the flooded Nile? Did not the races of Northern Europe pay tribute to the Roman people? Are not the English peo-

ple, with all their boasted civilization of to-day, descendants of slaves of the war-like Danes? Was not England's boasted navy ruling the waves heralded by rude canoe manned by savage Briton, plying along her many harbored shores, seeking sustenance from the mollusks of old ocean?

Civilization marched from Ethiopia to Egypt, from Egypt to Greece, from Greece to Rome, from Rome to Europe, thence to America, proclaiming that all is growth and development, whether in men, races, nations or empires.

Despite the shifting of civilization at that period Africa was not redeemed; and its failure to be reclaimed caused many a black Milton, Shakespeare, Bacon, Newton or other intellectual luminary, after having in vain with savage tongue chanted verses burning with the fire of genius, to die in his native jungles, "unwept, unhonored and unsung." Gray too spoke of these when he said:—

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

So like the Antilles, Africa lay submerged under barbarism until the time for her redemption had well nigh come; then in order that a destined fate-controlled people might not pass from the face of the earth, inevitable was the decree that the Negro must traverse the road of oppression ere he took his place among the dominant races of the earth.

So that the twenty Negroes kidnapped from African soil, sold and bartered away in Jamestown,

Virginia, in 1619, were in this lowly wise the embryo of a fate-controlled people destined to give birth to the great internecine struggle of coming centuries to attract and hold in awe the gaze of the civilized world.

Henceforth the history of the Negro is but the history of America, her institutions, her liberties and her laws.

He displayed his heroism ere freedom dawned.

The Negro's blood has in his defense of America and her liberties watered the soil by the borders of the lakes, by the shores of the Gulf, from the reefs of the Atlantic seaboard to the land of the dying sun.

Whenever American liberties trembled in the balance; fate, Brennus like, cast the Negro, bleeding and dying, into the poised scale and decided the issue to America's advantage.

Do I mistake? Ask history. When that dauntless soul of genius, Christopher Columbus, sought a new route to India, he little dreamed that he was paving a way for the greatness of America and her millions unborn; but the priceless heritage of his thought and inspiration having been given to man, he passed away; successive generations taking advantage of this boon, by Providence intended, landed on this continent, and with the magician's wand of time, lo! from desert and forest, upon mountain and plain, where dwelt the savage untutored and wild, in former haunts of wild beasts and more wild man, appeared a mighty people, a nation

amazingly grand, a civilization indescribable and bold made so by the aid of the Negro—my country America.

Driven by persecution of the mother country she dared to revolt; a spirit born of brave hearts arose and proclaimed all men created free and equal, this spirit was to grow and save a nation, it must be christened with human blood. He who first dared offer his brave heart's blood was one who had no rights as an American citizen, no interest to defend, no heritage of freedom to offer to his children; who knew that liberty for his master meant slavery for wife and children, meant a desolated, desecrated home; yet who fired in his heroic soul at these wrongs dared die for this cause. 'Twas Crispus Attucks, a Negro, a former slave, a martyr.

May I pay tribute to him in the sublime words of the poet:

"Long as for freedom's cause the wise contend,
Dear to your country shall your fame extend;
While to the world the lettered stone shall tell
Where Caldwell, Attucks, Gray and Maverick fell,"

Did not Peter Salem (a Negro) mount the redoubt at Bunker Hill and shoot down the arch enemy of American Liberty, Major Pitcairn?

Says the Hon. Wm. Evarts on the occasion of the laying of the corner stone of Warren's Monument:

"It is the monument of the day of the event of the Battle of Bunker Hill; of all of the brave men who shared in its perils, alike of Prescott and Warren—the chiefs of the day—and the brave colored man, Salem, who is reported

to have shot the gallant Pitcairn as he mounted the parapet, cold as the clods on which it rests, still as the silent heaven to which it soars—it is yet vocal, eloquent in their individual praises."

The glory of the defense of Redbank which has been pronounced one of the most heroic actions of the Revolutionary War belongs in reality to the Black man; yet who now hears him spoken of in connection with it?

Among the traits which always distinguished the black regiment was devotion to officers.

"In the attack upon the American lines near Croton River on the 13th of May, 1791, Col. Greene the commander of the regiment was cut down and mortally wounded; but the sabres of the enemy reached him through the bodies of his faithful blacks, who gathered around him to protect him, and every one of whom was killed."

This is true, yet historians fail to sing their praise and virtue.

The Negro's blood has, in his defense of America and her liberties, reddened her myriad streams; hallowed and crimsoned her soil from Maine to the Rio Grande, from the reefs of the billowy Atlantic to the land where golden-hued fades the sun,

Shall we not with O'Hara say:

"Rest on embalmed and sainted dead;
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your memory be forgot
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor guards the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Could I call Andrew Jackson to witness to-day for me some doings that shall live forever would he not tell me of the Negro helping to repel Packenham and his martial horde from our shores at New Orleans?

But after these sanguinary struggles what recompense, what reward was given the Negro?

He was doomed to servitude and for years and decades, no whit less than he had for two centuries, endured the oppression of the now dominant race.

The statue of American liberty rising above the gloomy mists of European despotism, saying to the millions of the world, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," could not put to naught the portending, hideous shadow of African slavery.

The profit of the Negro's labor built the educational institutions from which, in honor ready to begin life's battle, came the young men and women of other races.

By him the course of the mighty river was changed to carry into some desired port the profit, and product of his labor, heaping millions into the coffers of master; mountains were tunneled, bidding the mighty steam engine go from one to another metropolis, carrying coaches laden with the exuberant products of our fair land; all produced by the faithful Negro's hand.

To be deprived of the right to put into the mouth of his wife and children the humble fare thrice

earned by his daily toil was insignificant, yes as nothing compared to other suffering patiently endured during most faithful service.

When after they had twice performed the labor of a day, for trivial wrongs and weaknesses, oftentimes none, always "more sinned against than sinning," the whip-lash at midnight was heard and mid wail of anguish and dying groan, with moaning winds attuned to the mournful voices of the bleeding, suffering slaves (voices reflecting the presence of crushed and bleeding hearts) the baying blood-hound chased our fathers and mothers as they fled "like partridges over mountains" surpassing the fire and rack of Inquisition's torture and the cruelty and persecution of the middle ages.

But the physical suffering was as naught compared with the mental and moral torture of those dismal bye-gone days.

The innocent prattling babe was torn from its mother's breast, father from mother, husband, son and daughter—the trader cared not whom—was sold to distant regions never again to hear the sound of each other's voices, or know again each other's love.

Could I paint like Raphael, or like Dore produce on canvass mad Dante's Inferno, or like Hugo write a realistic tale of sadness; I would paint with pen and brush some doings of history which are not the equal of this the sum of all villanies—slavery.

Fervid, aye perfervid might be my narratives of star chamber sessions, of Inquisition, rack, grid-

iron, and tales of cruelty in which the very acme of human wickedness was reached and like Madame Roland—walking to a barbarous death 'mid jeers of maddened populace and tri-colored cockades fluttering in wildly tossing wind as bloody guillotine loomed up before her—exclaim: "O Liberty what crimes are committed in thy name!" yet no description have I given you of what our parents bore.

Before me appears the slave pen and on the block stands a Negro girl, fair and beautiful, rivalling Venus with her faultless form and radiant featured face, the subject of the motley rabble's colloquy—she as Dryden says: "A temple sacred by birth and built by hands divine"—being sold from loved ones while they with bleeding hearts, helpless, viewed the scene.

Doomed to an existence of misery and shame throughout her dismal life, the slave weeps not. Why? Nature, mandatory and inflexible, could force no bitter, blinding tears from hearts wrung to the last extremity.

Her heart, nurtured in slavery and cruelty, gave no murmuring, vain response being by sorrow made adamant.

But this could not always be!

The Constitution had no meaning. American Liberty was a mockery. When men said: "Columbia, the land of the free, home of the brave," the words of Francis Scott Key died on their lips; perdition was in ecstasy and the King of Darkness asked no more.

Was this to continue as the foulest blot on the escutcheon of any nation?

Historical precedents said, no. When Julius Caesar held the known world under his sway, had conquered all from Northland to the Mediterranean, gained control of the Roman Empire and made their liberties but a name—"a sounding brass or tinkling cymbal"—Fate said, "Enough!" and Brutus' dagger accomplished a mission for humanity.

Philip of Macedon, when young Alexander did credit to his warlike sire, exclaims, "My son, my kingdom is unworthy of you," and bids him go on to war and victory.

He waged a war fruitless save the bloodshed and desolation he produced; and while sighing for more worlds to conquer Fate said, "Stop!" and he fell a victim to that Conqueror who knows no defeat.

Puritans had been oppressed, their rights set at naught, their wives and children hampered, harassed, the cavalier with conscience seared and hardened heard no cry, and shuddered at no groan, justice was outraged and all things seemed to proclaim the oppression of common humanity and the divine right of kings; when the age said, "Enough!" and Cromwell's Ironsides made the foe fly at Dunkirk, said to proud royalty, "Halt!" and the head of Charles I rolled from the scaffold.

Years before the French Revolution for the gratification of profligate nobility, who lived in luxury and splendor upon the efforts of the starving poor,

war dreadful and desolating had been waged. The suffering, famine stricken peasants first discontented, next muttering, goaded to desperation, said, "thus far—no farther." The leaders of the State were aroused, afterward the royalty, one of whom (Louis XVI), as the leveller of differences summoned him before the Maker, exclaimed, "After me the deluge." Aye a deluge of blood that all but swept the French nation from the face of the earth, threatening to leave no trace, no vestige of the once mighty fabric of state founded by Charlemagne.

Bands of starving peasantry paraded the streets of her capital, her land was drenched with fraternal blood; and 'mid carnage, strife, rapine, pillage and awful war she was in the midst of the dreadful Reign of Terror for cruelty and inhuman deeds rivalling any, surpassed by none—no, not one nation civilized or barbarous—of any age or clime.

'Mid these madly inhuman deeds, with insane fury, she was paying the inevitable price of her folly of departed years.

To prove our cause may we linger once more among these undying examples of God's eternal justice to speak of one who, as Danton, Robespierre and Marat sank in a crimsoned halo behind the horizon of that dreadful time, rose like some fabled monster or genii from out the Mediterranean, held the world at bay, reversed the fate of nations, advanced with martial tread over the empires of fallen monarchs; the thunders of whose cannon were heard 'mid the ice locked seas of poles and

desert sands, whose giant navies startled the monsters of every sea, who all but crossed the English channel and bearded the lion in his den, cast one withering glance at Norway and Sweden, made imperial Cossack fall at his feet; yet at last, as all oppressors, paid the penalty of an insatiable, cruel, ambition. 'Twas the great Napoleon, like Attila, the scourge of God.

Who was responsible for those days, months and years of blood?

Among the regions of the dead let us wander and ask the spirits of those slain at Montibello, those strewn along the banks of the Danube, the countless numbers that fell in that awful retreat from Moscow, conquered by climate and blanketed in snow as in the black forest they "sleep the sleep that knows no waking," while the mournful requiem of the wind tells alone of their sad fate with other legions of gallant Frenchmen who fell because of this twice gifted prodigy, this mad dreamer of war and conquest.

They point us to the retribution that surely came. He was conquered and banished to an inhospitable rock in the ocean. Here—when the sea billowed and foam-crested dashed mountain high against this rock bound coast, rocks not more inflexible and stern than the charge they held; in one of the most tempestuous nights that ever shook that lonely isle, as he, with hot fevered brain fancied himself fighting the battles of the Continent, exclaimed "Tete d'arme"—nature in keeping with his turbulent

spirit ushered him into that land where roar of artillery resounds not, where tread of armed warriors is never heard.

The strong right arm of Him who was without beginning is seen through these examples, and that Voice of the ages says, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay."

But why have we dwelt on these foretold examples of the inevitable victory of right?

To prove that the wrongs inflicted upon our parents were to last not forever, causing men to constantly doubt the justice of Eternal Truth; but until the plan of Africa's redemption was laid.

When reproved, said Cæsar—"Our legions will follow us to the ends of the earth, why need we fear?"

Importuned by his henchmen to cease his debaucheries, says Alexander, "Away! I am the conqueror of the world."

France dared the nations to upbraid her for her weaknesses, all but denied and defied her God.

Napoleon says, "Our star illuminated by the victories of Wagram, Montebello, Arcole, now brilliantly ascendant can never set."

Yet the hand of God appeared. Justice, stern and upbraiding, said to Cæsar, "Fall!" to Alexander, "Die!" to France, "Decay!" to Napoleon, "Haste to Waterloo!"

"Truth crushed to earth, shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error wounded writhes in pain,
And dies amid his worshippers."

Then was this Nation to escape? Not so. The Union had sinned and regardless as to the culpable, must pay the penalty; must be weighed in the balance and found wanting; must for a season give up her claim to transcendent greatness and be tried by the crucial test of civil war: and dross of slavery, sectionalism and secession must be eliminated from the fine gold of liberty, fraternity, equality and law.

"Just as you sow, so shall you reap." Did it come? Ask Gettysburg, Spottsylvania Court House, the crimsoned Wilderness, ask Andersonville and Libby, prototypes of perdition, the days of leaden rain, blood flowing in torrents indiscriminately mingling the life blood of brothers in one gulch of woe, the spectered forms of the black victims of Fort Pillow's savage barbarity, those marched as food for powder at the charnel house of Wagner: as they fight again in spirit form those battles of the past and bid us not forget the cause for which they died.

Some called it chance; some, political parties; some, a war necessity. Was it not the outcome of an ordained fate, the dreadful end of a means of salvation for the Negro? Who cannot see through it all the hand of a just, omnipotent God?

Thus we were made free, and then was the beginning of a crisis pivoting on which was the burning question—"What shall we do with the Negro?"—a question demanding an adjustment of the weightiest social, moral and intellectual difficul-

ties of any nation, a question like an eating cancer on the breast of the age. With emancipation dismal were the forebodings concerning the future of the Negro; and in some respects no less dismal are they today.

Among the many prophecies concerning him were these: First—That by amalgamation with other races he would be lost.

His increase in population and racial peculiarities undiminished proves that for all time we are a distinct race.

From four million Negroes made free-men by the emancipation, we are nearly eight million American citizens.

I do not deny that there has been amalgamation, but is not the tendency of the times to prevent it?

Look at the efforts of the South Carolina constitutional convention to prevent this.

We want amalgamation to be a thing of the past, as it has generally been to our dishonor.

We will have the Negro girls educated morally, that is, taught to do right; intellectually educated to teach the arts and sciences in our schools and seminaries; or industrially educated to do millinery work, sewing, etc.,—in short, to make independently an honest living, and with that desire to do and firmness in the right resulting from moral education, then ceases amalgamation without sanction of law.

Second—That in the construction of the Negro the elements of success were not inherent, hence the Negro was an impediment to governmental prosperity.

To controvert that statement one might call a long roll of Negroes distinguished in every walk of life.

In education—Payne, the Mitchells, Page, Booker Washington; in scholarship—Dubois, Kelley Miller, Scarborough; in oratory—Price, Derrick, Arnett, Bowen, Mason; in theology and philosophy—Embry, Turner, Johnson; in poetry—Dunbar; in art—Tanner; in invention—Granville T. Woods; in statesmanship—Bruce, White, Murray, are famed and in countless ways many others not garlandless and unknown have nobly acquitted themselves in the realm of politics, science, literature, art and religion.

Think not I had forgotten Frederick Douglass, with name and deeds undying and life like fabled story. Such a life! Fit theme for romancist or historian. Let the delineator of fable and fiction with the story of his deeds point a moral or adorn a tale. England's Hampden cannot be forgot; France writes the name Lafayette well nigh highest on her roll of honor; Tell and the Switzerland he loved so well are one; to the Austro-Hungarian who loves his country Kossuth's memory is ever loved; Washington forever "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," has for fit company "Father Abraham," one of the noblest among the mansions of the dead; yet not one whit higher than the name of Frederick Douglass, could I write these "immortal names that were not born to die." Yet I do not claim these alone as proof of

race greatness. There can be extraordinary examples in all races. Genius unheralded may flash meteor-like athwart the sky of any race and be gone forever, succeeded by no attendant luminaries.

The question is, are the Negroes as a whole succeeding? Freed in '63, with nothing but ignorance and poverty, underrated by all mankind, remembering bitterly their sufferings and realizing their gloomy future, they went forth to the task of rising despite all things that make the heart faint and cause mankind to fail; and did what no race could have surpassed under the circumstances. Henry W. Grady said the Negro in Georgia alone had property worth more than \$20,000,000, and in other states of the South his wealth has increased in proportion and his material success is equally as pronounced: as he owns in that land of sunshine and flowers \$250,000,000 worth of property.

More than gratified was I to read in Booker T. Washington's address at Atlanta, that the Negroes in the south are making material progress in wealth and education and have done better on the whole than the country had reason to expect.

Are we not compelled to believe the evidence of our eyes?

Do you not all around you see the result of his frugality, industry, energy and ability to amass wealth, to obtain the comforts of life, to succeed?

In many cases he has good homes, well furnished, intelligent children well clothed and fed attending Sabbath and day school, and happy wife, not servant, but mistress of the household.

We have in the south and west Negro lawyers, teachers, doctors, editors, ministers in vast numbers increasing with a rapidity truly encouraging; and in the north and east the general diffusion of education among the Negroes has long since become a wonted fact.

I believe the race to be growing in the general spread of intelligence and knowledge; while the race population increased 27 per cent, the enrollment of colored schools had increased 137 per cent. Says one southern writer concerning the Negro's advancement:

"The evolution in the condition has kept pace with that of any other races, and I think has been even a little better. The same forces of evolution that have brought him to where he is now will bring him further."

I might say that the advanced civilization around him has fostered this growth, yet the innate elements of true success are as surely heaven-bestowed upon the Negro as any race, and his rise is more and more making him a factor for good government and national greatness.

Wherever enterprise has been seen exploring new regions, wielding broader influences for humanity's good, has been seen the Negro elbowing his way to the front. In the trades an artisan; in the arts an artist, a connoisseur; on the platform an orator; in the pulpit appealing not to passion but reason; in the schoolroom, skilled not alone in wielding ferule, but a scholar; the Negro has built

a monument dazzling high and on its dome hangs Honor's wreath. Yet thousands are far from the goal we covet, not because the Negro is constitutionally lacking in the elements of success, but because of lack of education, industrial, intellectual and moral.

And 'tis for the future welfare of the Negro that we must labor.

Most all the wealth of the race has been amassed by the older Negroes. Most of those acquiring enviable rank and station in life are the Negroes who were once slaves.

Knowing the heritage of unfinished labor to be left to the younger generation, knowing that the denial of the prophecy in question is ultimately in their hands; we must prepare them well for the task of making great a race and putting to naught the taunts of its scoffers.

The elements of success in the Negro must be developed that they be not inert, dormant; that he bury not his talents or by disuse lose them; but rather turn to account each faculty for good, directed in right channels, and tend upward and onward to true success.

It has been done in his case so far, and more so with others. Look at the former condition of the Jews. Hated, despised, pariahs; now influential, successful, powerful. They educated their youth to use his talents, they developed in him the elements of success, thus as generations passed by acquiring wealth, rank and position in life coveted by their neighbors.

Brains minus energy and education to employ them are valueless.

We must get something that other races want.

When the Negro farmer has produce, the markets of the world will forget his race identity.

We want lands, houses, property of value, and are not a part of governmental prosperity until we acquire these; and to be industrially educated is one recourse by which this may be done.

I am happy to know that the plan of industrial education for the Negro is rapidly gaining ground; for through it thousands are to be put into the way of making an honest, honorable living, of being the embodiment of success.

A skilled Negro contractor could take bids in any town, take his chances as a man, and earn money. The question with many employers would be, "Can he do the work as well, and as cheaply, or cheaper than anyone else?" 'Tis a business matter pure and simple.

Such schools as Tuskegee and Hampton will do more to solve this great problem than resolutions, agitations and soldiery. This with intellectual education causing the Negro to live upon an as elevated plane as any other race, thus commanding respect; moral education making him a peaceable, desirable citizen and neighbor are the only rounds in the ladder by which to scale the barriers to our future racial success.

We need more farmers, less loafers; more money, less poverty; more manhood, less obstinacy; more

doctors, less quacks; more God-called theologians less self-called preachers; more competent school-teachers, less wage-drawing school keepers. Education alone accomplishes this—proving the Negro capable of success, falsifying the prediction, still a daily accusation, of the incapability of the Negro to succeed and prove a pillar, stable and strong of this destined governmental realization of the most visionary optimist's fancy.

Third—That descending from a barbarous ancestry, he would relapse into barbarism; as his emancipation meant utter ostracism from the civilization of the races and nationalities among whom he dwelt and with whom he had been so peculiarly associated.

The predicted relapse into barbarism needs no discussion, as time has in itself proved the falsity of that statement, and if he came from a barbarous ancestry more and more as the antiquities recede, slowly but surely (to paraphrase Holmes) thanks be to God; he has built more stately mansions as the swift seasons rolled, left the low vaulted past, each succeeding temple nobler than the last has shut him from heaven with dome more vast, with structure tall and grand, with foundation still more deep and strong.

Though not accorded the privilege to intermingle socially with other races, and I, as every true Negro, do not crave it, he is nevertheless a part of the civilization of this country.

Give the Negro education—intellectual development, moral worth, industrial competency, which leads to money-getting—and he can in time make his own social circle all but satisfy the social craving of the idealist, and at least approximate to that found in the highest castes of other races.

To disconsolate ones, I say, agitations of civil rights bills are folly. Improve your own social circle and thus grow proud of it, loath to leave it, and with a supreme contempt treat those who dare suggest the thought.

Fourth—That his incapability of self-government, utter disregard or defiance of law made him not competent to "govern or be governed" hence he stood as a menace to free government.

Since the passage of the 15th amendment this question has been one of great magnitude involving discussions, strife, bloodshed and race wars innumerable, blotting our national escutcheon and upon American glory heaped obloquy.

And it is to be confessed that political ventures so far, in most cases, have been to the detriment of the Negro. Why?

His own lack of education necessary to political leadership, deprivation of his rights, and political persecution by others.

With the passage of the 13th, 14th, and 15th amendments had been made the most sweeping change in time's annals.

Converted without gradation from abject slavery and servitude to not alone a freeman's state, but to

the political leadership of his former masters.

'Twas more than Haman humbled, Mordecai exalted, more than lord turned serf and serf turned lord.

At once a strife meaning "War to the knife and knife to the hilt" originated, continuing uninterruptedly to the detriment of the Negro.

The whites were determined to rule, and to this day there is an "irrepressible conflict" in politics between the two races. Since the war thousands of Negroes have been killed and only a few of their murderers punished.

"At the close of the war," says a Negro historian "the government gave the Negro a statute book when he should have had a spelling book, and placed him in the legislature when he ought to have been in the schoolroom; thus the heels were put where the brains ought to have been."

This could not last. The anomalism consequent must—must—give way. Any ignorant majority must succumb to the intelligent minority.

Intelligence rules the world. Education! Education is all in all.

The incapability of the Negro to know his needs made him easily susceptible to the wily demagogue and politician. Thus were unscrupulous, designing men foisted into power by the ballots of the misguided Negro.

This was an unusual proceeding, not to say unreasonable and unjust, hence it could not last and the Negro, after years of suffering, tears and

blood and political failure, has learned that his future salvation lay not (as he once supposed) alone in politics, but in education—industrial intellectual and moral.

(For the safety of America her citizens must be educated. Would you sacrifice her to the Moloch of Ignorance? Says Lyman Beecher, "We must educate! We must educate! * * If we do not, short will be our race from the cradle to the grave.")

The right of the citizens of a government like ours must be known to them and accorded them; their duties known to them and performed by them. This momentous question, like Macbeth's tormentor, will not down. Supinely we as a nation rest upon a slumbering volcano if we think to continue this denial of rights to a class of our citizens. Jno. J. Ingalls said in an address, "The wages of sin is death." Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap and it is by the exercise of this law that we shall be able to preserve our liberty as our fathers intended it should be preserved—a government of laws and not of men."

I repeat, let us as a nation, irrespective of race, be not heedless to the fate of other nations whose liberties were extinguished, whose governments fell, primarily, by the ignorance of their citizens, followed by the naturally resulting causes—corruption, vice, apathy to governmental prosperity and loss of patriotism.

Columbia sits dreaming on the greatest and most resourceful continent of the world; her fair head

crowned by the "unsalted seas," her footstool the land where southern suns winnowing sprays the gulf and sea making balmy Dixie's air, kissing to red-cheeked blush the peach, or melting to Eastern purple the grape, 'mid orange grove and blossomed magnolia give to us again fair Eden; one arm encircling New England's granite hills, the other's hand catching sunbeams ere the Pacific claims them flaming and red. Must the sword of Damocles hang over her? It does unless we educate.

The Roman republic was thought to be eternal, but in time she fell; the efforts of Romulus were in vain; and on her ruins arose the throne of the imperial Cæsars.

The republic of Greece arose on the shores of the Ægean sea; but in time gave way to the conquests of Philip of Macedon and his son, Alexander.

So always in the tramp of civilization around the world. I am no pessimist or calamity howler, yet I say we must guard our national interests; we must educate or say to hope—good-bye.

John James Rousseau said: "Democracy is a government of the gods and not of men." Let us forever prove the statement false. De Maistre said: "The American republic is only in its cradle, let a century pass over it and we shall see."

All honor to the American Missionary Association, the Freedman's Aid and Southern Education Society, Lincoln Institute, Fiske University, Wilberforce, Oberlin and many others, the lesser

lights, and the countless schoolhouses of country, hamlet, town and city; that by educating the Negro are making possible in him the highest type of citizenship.

In time of peace he, if ignorant just as are other ignorant citizens, is a menace to free government. In case of war with foreign countries, suppose the many Negroes of this country should say "America has wronged me, now for revenge," should heed the anarchistic utterances of the many agitators of other races, ever ready to let fly the winds of sedition and insurrection and sweep from its moorings our ship of state, and join the great army of heterogeneous, ignorant, unpatriotic peoples in America; though you deem this thought idle, you would then find it worthy of consideration.

Without intelligence and education to appreciate government, patriotism is impossible; without patriotism any government must abruptly or lingeringly die.

If the whites grow more cruel and the Negroes more sullen in the election controversies, is the situation improved? Not so. Can the different state governments afford to attempt by subterfuge and trickery to disfranchise him?

'Tis unjust, unstatesmanlike, unpatriotic, unwise.

Look at Tillman and South Carolina. I speak not from a political standpoint; as I quote the utterances of patriots of all political parties, men actuated by motives of justice, love of country, regard for law and liberty.

Senator Tillman says, "We tried to overcome 30,000 majority by honest methods and it was a mathematical impossibility; by fraud and violence, if you please, we threw it off." Concerning the election clause, says the distinguished democrat, ex-Senator M. C. Butler, "I cannot conceive of a more objectionable one. If finally adopted it will open wide the doors of fraud and cheating, and will disfranchise white men whose only offense will be poverty and illiteracy. It would be cruel and heartless wrong to that class which nothing can justify. * * * Fortunately or unfortunately, according to the standpoint from which it is viewed, the early promoters of this scheme have proclaimed from the house-tops that they purpose to allow the white man to vote and disfranchise the Negroes."

* * * Whatever may be our opinion of Negro suffrage, I have no hesitation in saying that, in my opinion, no greater crime was ever committed against civilization; he has the right under the Constitution of the United States, and it behooves these distinguished statesman to keep that constantly in view."

If the Negro is educated or uneducated, he cannot be disfranchised unless by fraud, political corruption and trickery, not to be allowed by a constitutional amendment declaring that "the right of the citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude."

Rather should South Carolina or other states ap-

propriate money to educate the Negro, than to make futile attempts to disfranchise him by fraud and class legislation.

The Constitution readmitting South Carolina and Mississippi into the Union declared that "No elector qualified under the old constitution was to be disfranchised by subsequent ones;" and the patriots of the coming congresses, irrespective of party, for weal of both races, will certainly legislate out of existence the efforts of Tillman and the Tillmanites.

Does it require truths more solid and forcible to fracture the hardest cranium and make its owner cognizant of the real situation?

Bishop Newman said at St. Louis a few days ago, "The question is not settled whether the emancipation of a race by Abraham Lincoln was a benediction or a malediction. We have the elements to make it a benediction, God helping us."

Unsettled remains this question until the Negro is educated to know and do his duty; to know his rights and is accorded them.

The elements are—industrial, intellectual, and moral education.

Intellectually educated, to know how to appreciate and rightly cast his ballot; morally educated, to be in politics (what all should be, but are not) uncorrupted and incorruptible; industrially educated, to be able to earn money to independently support himself and loved ones; thus being no longer susceptible to the influence of the designing political

juggler of to-day. Then his emancipation also his enfranchisement become a benediction.

The welfare of the nation demands this. Of the world I ask, is this not more Christian than shooting him at the polls for desiring to vote? Did not the Continental fathers invoke God's blessings upon their efforts and their posterity? Then because in the Negro's breast beat aspirations, desires, ambitions kindred to yours, do him no harm.

Fifth—That devoid of every principle of manhood, the lives of fancied enemies and even his friends and theirs was in jeopardy unless he was subjected to treatment wholly incompatible with that guaranteed by a free government.

First, let the words of the eloquent Grady deny the charge. He says, during the war, "Often five hundred Negroes to a single white man, and yet through these dusky throngs the women and children walked in safety and the unprotected homes rested in peace. * * I want no truer soul than which moved the trusty slave, who for four years while my father fought with the armies that barred his freedom, slept every night at my mother's chamber door, holding her and her children as safe as if her husband stood guard, and ready to lay down his humble life on her threshold. * * A thousand torches would have disbanded every Southern army, but not one was lighted. * * I rejoice that when freedom came to him after years of waiting, it was all the sweeter because the black hands from which the shackles

fell were stainless of a single crime against the helpless ones confided to his care." Is not this sufficient denial? May I digress?

Concerning lynching for fancied crimes, I say that any man guilty should be most severely dealt with, no commiseration, but aside from the almost universality with which it wrongs the accused 'tis brutality subverting law, disgracing civilization, sinning before God. And shooting, hanging, burning the Negro on mere suspicion is a crime surpassing Spanish cruelty in Cuba, that perpetrated on Siberia's mining slaves or the suffering Armenians. These things must not, cannot always be. While lasting, who cannot see the Goddess of Liberty with face fair and form divine chained alive to the foul, diseased, dead, stenching corpse of mocked and murdered Justice?

I know the Negro is not always guilty, but admitting such to be the case, the doing away with this condition, the one path leading away from it, is education.

An educated Negro citizenship would greatly do away with much of the prejudice against the Negro and the swift conclusions of his guilt.

From my *Daily Globe* I clip the following:

CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 6.—"If the law is not allowed to take its course concerning our men involved in crime, the torch must be applied in those cities where the outrages occur." These words were uttered last night at the close of the regular evening service by Rev. J. M. Townsend, colored pastor of Quinn chapel, Twentyfourth street and Wabash avenue. An audience of 1000 colored per-

some applauded the sentiment and rose to their feet to further show their appreciation of their pastor's stand.

Rev. Mr. Townsend's sermon had been called forth by the report in the morning papers of the outrage upon Neal Smith at Chattanooga. When it was finished the pastor gave out a hymn, 'Thou sleepest, Justice, awake.' At the conclusion of the singing, Rev. Mr. Townsend asked the audience to remain a short time. 'I want no one to leave the house while I am speaking,' said he. He produced a clipping from a morning paper, read the account of the torturing of Neal Smith, and then said, 'This must stop in a Christian land.' Then he gave utterance to the remarks quoted. He delivered these sentences in an impassioned manner and as he had finished, for a moment there was silence, the entire audience rose and applauded. * * * One of the congregation shouted, 'we rise to endorse what you have said.' The audience was then dismissed."

I question not the rectitude of Rev. Townsend's motives, yet I do not agree with his views.

I fear the inculcation of such doctrines into the minds of the masses by our leaders will do much harm. The Negro is the weaker race, and by the aid of armed men, with bellowing cannon, if necessary, his persecutors would attempt his extermination.

Hamilcar must not forswear young Hannibal to vengeance. Teach the Negro to do right, but to be no coward. The race must educate and so act as to outlive the present conditions.

I have generally found the whites true friends to the Negro trying to do right.

The Negroes loafing on the streets of our towns and cities are growing up possibly to be criminals filling prisons, to die on the scaffold or without formality of law be shot, hanged or burned.

Idleness begets deviltry. They must be intellectually educated to the higher professions; industrially educated to agriculture and the trades; morally educated to know and do the right. There is no alternative. We must as a race do this or die. Some argue emigration. I say never leave these rocks, cliffs, native hills made by nature towers and citadels to liberty. I am unwilling to go until as a memorial of the past to carry with us, we have gathered the whitened bones of our ancestors from the cane brakes and cotton patches of the South.

When found and restored to us are our kinsmen scattered by the cruel curse of slavery.

Could not some epic of this crime be more than equal to Longfellow's *Evangeline*?

When we forget the many battle-fields on which our fathers, true and tried by sacrifices more than noble, made stable this governmental revelation to the old world—"a government of the people, for the people, and by the people."

Then emigration is utterly impracticable. What disposition shall the Negro make of his property? When the contemplated exodus became known, those of the other races ever on the alert for sharp bargains could make it necessary for him to dispose of his property to them for the smallest per cent of its real worth possible.

Bishop Turner says, "Any man who loves a country that does not love him is a human dog." I do not impugn the Bishop's motives for urging emigration. I believe there is no Negro living who loves the race more than he, yet I have a different solution for this great question.

With returning ships or cablegram comes news of Negroes left on foreign shores to die far away from loved ones; how, no one can tell.

With the ignorance and poverty and other conditions among us, we could not establish and make lasting anything but a mockery on government. We cannot all go at once; who shall go and who shall stay? If we stay as a race, will the time come when "Ethiopia shall suddenly stretch forth her hands to God?" Will the better day of the sanguine dreamer dawn? Yes.

The educator is the hope of the race. It is here I take my stand. Education is the only lever by which we are to be raised. If upon the rock, education, we build our church, the very gates of hell shall not prevail against us. "In the world there is nothing great but man; in man nothing great but mind."

We must prove our worth and thus we create a sentiment favorable to us by becoming an educated, prosperous, rising people.

Every citizen of a government should be an auxiliary to its progress, and unless we educate and make noticeable advancement, perceptible progress, we are not an auxiliary, not necessary to the

progress of this government any more so than other non-progressive peoples in America.

Our orators may rival Cicero, Bossuet, Demosthenes or Webster; our legislatures may pass measure after measure purporting to guarantee the Negro civil rights; but just as in the past, without a corresponding sentiment, these are in vain.

The intellects of the masses, dwarfed by superstition, ignorance and such impediments, are unable to remove the blights of life, removable only by the influence of education—industrial, intellectual and moral.

Education alone is, as I have said, conducive to moral worth. How can a man knowing not right, do the right?

The ancients, whiling away moments not given to service of haughty rulers, drew images of men and beasts upon the sun-dried bricks, and in juxtaposition to these I would place the living marble made all but more than human by the artistic stroke of the Greek sculptor; and as the difference between the brute man product of the half-savage and the man-God product of the classic Greek devotee to art, we see the man with and without a trained intellect—with and without education.

No race of educated people can be made underlings to their compeers.

The educated man is well rounded, industrially, intellectually and morally. The axiomatic principle, "In union there is strength," is applicable to all races. Unless we become an educated unit, we as a race must be weak and divided.

To be an educated people is that for which God asks us, that we owe to ourselves.

While our leaders labor for our weal, let the rank and file of the race cease their criticism of and opposition to these leaders; but learn to trust and encourage them, thus making lighter and more desirable the great task of elevating them and their children.

I have confidence in my race and believe that when taught the right, the Negro will do the right; when shown his defects, will strive with honest effort to remedy them; when shown his interest, work for it; and as in the past, when taught his duty, do it.

These can result alone from industrial, intellectual and moral education.

The Negro will then alike appreciate his race and his honor.

Negro will be spelled with one "g" and a big "N." These present undesirable conditions will have gone glimmering into the past.

Through education: "Down the dark future, through long generations * * I hear once more the voice of Christ say, peace." Through it all men will some day acknowledge the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. Do not think the Negro doomed to be a failure,—“A mighty vessel foundered in the calm; its freight half given to the world.”

I love my race, I am more than proud of the Negro's achievements.

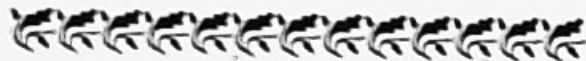
Though he has at times been recreant (and to other races who upbraid and condemn us, I say, "Physician, heal thyself") he has more often been true as steel and faithful unto death. When called to high offices of trust, at times found wanting, he has oftener returned from the field of battle trophied with honor and credit undenied and undeniable.

I do not believe him forever doomed to be a pariah, a wanderer, an outcast, a failure. No! No!! No!!!

Through education by God's help a brighter day will dawn; and though he be shot, hanged, burned, all but driven from this country, fabricated by his labor and his blood, with the history of his doings (meager though it be) erased, every effigy (few as they are) shattered, though he has not where to lay his head, while the "fowls of the air have nests and the foxes have holes"—still his deeds, monumental in their greatness, shall live in the stories of unborn millions of the many centuries yet undawned.

The foregoing Address was delivered before the Missouri 'State Teachers' Association at Palmyra, Mo., Dec. 28, 1895.





"SO RUN THAT YE MAY OBTAIN."—1ST. COR., CHAPTER IX., LATTER PART OF THE 24TH. VERSE.

Theme—True Success a Splendid Privilege, Its Achievement an Imperative Duty.†

Taught to hate Christ and His cause, known as one of the great scholars of his time, the worthy pupil of the learned Gamaliel, converted by miraculous circumstance on the way to Damascus as he halted, cringing, cowering before the Eternal Voice of the Sinless King of the Jews, to be in turn the mighty power for God that he was—this man of diminutive stature, insignificant personal appearance was the great preacher, teacher, philosopher and seer—Paul, whose works today are among the greatest of all the inspired writings of the Holy Men of God.

A Roman citizen, with Roman customs thoroughly permeating his character and life, he was decidedly inclined to use illustrations in touch with the

† Baccalaureate Sermon preached to the Graduating Class of Western University in June, 1903.

life of his country and times. He wrote to his contemporaries who were associated with him in his work of propagating this new gospel; and his writings all bear the stamp of the customs of the days of the Cæsars.

Thus the Olympian games, the chariot races, the gladiatorial combats of the mighty Coliseum were all suggestive of a race, a contest, a running bout from whence is suggested the words of our text—"So run, that ye may obtain." No doubt the same feeling inspired him to use the metaphor, "Let us lay aside every weight and sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

The chariot race in Ben Hur is a powerful portrayal of the desperate endeavors made by those contending for the prizes of that life.

Let me now say that we refer you to those things necessary to win also. Among the things necessary if you would heed Paul's statement, are an enlarged capacity for a correct life, a righteous enjoyment of the same and a harmonious and just relationship with one's fellows. The entire burden of Paul's admonition relates to the acquisition of a spiritual reward, but I desire at this juncture to suggest to you advices with regard to earthly as well as spiritual things—for upon the worldly present act depends the future spiritual state. Let us make of the worldly present all that we should and the spiritual future will take care of itself. Instead of so much preparing to die, let your every act be

a preparation to live. Great as were the contentions of the slumbering past, fierce as were the contests of the ages dead, strenuous as was the gladiatorial life when man with fierce brute and fiercer man did dare contend: more strenuous is the life of today, the present now, than ever before in the march of the universe. I call your attention to this fact that you may not underestimate the value of every effort. This struggle is as it should be, as we find progress to be the law of life. In the struggle for growth, and hence for life, civilization has been assisted in a strangely distinct way.

Chaldea receiving help of Asia, Egypt and Judea from Babylon, Greece from Egypt, Rome from Greece, Europe from Rome, America from Europe: showing conclusively that the Eternal Voice is giving a *forward* command to all the nations of the earth and that nations as well as individuals either keep their places in the line or go down forever. From out this onward march has come individual culture, the flower and fruit of civilization.

A trackless dawn broke o'er the world, throbbing under the impulse of the Creator's word, ushering in the still silent void of the Archæan period. What mind can dare estimate the colossal steps made through the evolution of the Paleozoic, Mesozoic and Cenozoic times?

How vast the steps from creation's inception to man's appearance on earth! Who but a God can comprehend? Equally as vast is the reach from the first man's life-status to that of the man of to-day.

To-day at birth every child has opportunities surpassing the dreams of all past ages. The accumulated greatness of the century-grown world is before his gaze and yours as well. Civilization, an epitome of all human history, is making its onward sweep before our eyes.

Man is utilizing Nature's power to his own advancement and aggrandizement as he makes rain, lightning, storm, fire all do his bidding and list to his voice. Like as a monarch he commands the captured elements around him and they hear his call, they heed his command. The hoarse-mouthed thunder, the capricious lightning, once striking terror to his heart, no longer disturb him. They speak across seas in gentle tones telling of some new advance he has made; they make a lamp unto his feet, a light unto his way. He uses these to assist him in conquering their companion forces, and goes on unmindful of any stubbornness nature may possess; until her most unwilling secrets are his own, and she does his bidding.

The building of schools, the deeds of philanthropists, the diffusion of learning throughout all classes, the general culture of the masses are all precursive of a universal, intellectual renaissance.

"The decided tendency of our civilization is toward association on rational principles, development of a pure home life, toleration of religious views, economic co-operation, liberality, equality, and justice in human government." The necessity for the same is becoming more apparent to the conservative, rational thinker of to-day.

The sentiment, voiced by one writer thus is expressive of the current better thought of the intellectual age of now, "If the structure of modern civilization is to remain, every individual must receive his true reward for labor, and justice must prevail in the community." Unless the acknowledgment of this fact by the majority is made by act as well as by word, like us of old, drifts and sand dunes will cover the sites of modern Babylons.

Realizing the competitive efforts in vogue in our every day civilization and life, who but sees the development necessary to the obeying of the injunction "so run that ye may obtain."

All men may not pluck up drowned honor by the roots or leave a name at which the world grows pale, but you can at least lead a life of true worth, be it ever so humble. The human standard of greatness is not always the true standard. Greatness is comparative. The great men are the exceptional men.

There are no patent, special rules for becoming great, but there are certain principles that always lead to success as surely as points the needle to the pole. In mathematics, find the principle, follow it correctly, you solve the problem. In life, find the right principle, follow it up correctly, you have successfully solved life's problem; you have run well, you have obtained. We would have you be an individual of evenly developed parts.

The analytical test of man's structure gives to us a trifold being. I use the term man in its generic

sense. Evolution of man into something higher better and nobler is a part of creation's God-birthed plan. There must in keeping with this purpose be a unified growth of all the man, physically, mentally and morally. There must be no cultivation of the soul to the neglect of the body nor vice versa. A feeble body is often a preventative of mental progress. It is commonly observed that hygienic laws obvious to everyone, if neglected, are so treated to our detriment.

True success demands bodily comfort as well as mental complacency. Rationality implies a duty impellant upon us to take care of the body God has given us.

Man's hands undeveloped, unskilled are but clumsy tools. We must have skilled hands, quickened intellect, higher ideals wrought out partially by this physically perfect condition, in order that we might keep mastered the forces of nature to-day succumbing to our will power and brain.

The universal demand for books and brain is becoming greater day by day. There is to-day no exclusive aristocracy of books and learning. That man is far out of harmony with the spirit of true progress who makes no effort to develop himself.

Self-preservation demands growth of mind and soul. We want the trained intellect to think and readily grasp, trained sensibility to feel, trained will to execute the enlightened fact. Your education must be practical. Recondite thoughtfulness must be practical as well. The sympathy of

man for man has increased in scope as he has become broadly read and cultured.

The cultivation of the reading of good books should be encouraged. These never change; they are the same yesterday, today and forever. Temples fall, statues decay, mansions perish, eloquent phrases declaimed are forgotten, but good books are immortal. The lettering of their pages dimmed by flying years—a new edition takes their place. They still live. Read these; they will lift you up to higher ideals and nobler endeavor. Make yourselves strong intellectually, and the world will need and seek you.

The recorded deeds of others show us our possibilities. The great characters portrayed in good books say to us in Biblical language, "go and do thou likewise," say to us, you too can "so run, that ye may obtain." We pay just tribute "to those dead, but sceptered sovereigns, who still rule our spirits from their urns" because of their great labors.

The moral evolution of man has been but a consequent step in the march of progress. Learning more of the right duty incumbent demands that he do more of the right. In fact, man's moral growth throughout the fleeting ages of the past is the unerring index finger marking out his forward step, his never ending duty. "For unto whomsoever much is given of him shall be much required; and to whom men have committed much, of him they will ask the more."

Not alone has his stature increased, not alone has he known more of nature, not alone have rock-ribbed earth, jutting crag, hoary-headed mountain, scudding cloud, trackless ether, morning's aurora-bred dawn, twinkling star, sighing zephyr, nature's unwritten immutable laws, all, all said to man—read me, study me, make me tell thee of my eternity-birthing moment, search out and know the why and how of my existence in silent mightiness, ponder, think great thoughts, do great deeds, write great truths as onward move our Maker's ages.

Not these steps alone are the *sine qua non* of all Creation's hope and plan; but this question must always be with the world, is man better, is he going upward, onward, up to his Christ, back to his God?

The culture of the intellect, the higher development of the sensibilities, the refinement of the emotions, are all conducive to moral rectitude and spiritual uprightness. It is to the credit of the world today that it places a premium upon virtue and not upon vice.

The days of debauchery in the courts of potentates and kings have given way to honor, virtue and true worth, and the purest queens and noblest kings are those whom nations honor, whose memory is embalmed in history's urn.

The glad acclaim of listening senates is given to the good and true of earth, and the leaders most revered and honored in our day are those who put

their faith and trust in the Christian's God. So, for this standard you must strive, by this standard "so run, that ye may obtain."

There will be times in life when with you it will be a question as to just which is the better course to pursue, as to which is the better thing to do. Consult your intelligence, ask your God; and the enlightened conscience as a result of this will lead you aright. The Eternal Finger never points out the wrong way.

Be upon friendly and familiar terms with your Bible. "Seek ye out of the book of the Lord and read." From this draw your strength, wisdom and inspiration. You will never find it empty, you will never leave it void. Though fought by armies, denied by sects, condemned by potentates, protested against by courts and crowned heads, burned in the fires along with those who dared read it—the Bible, eternal as Jehovah lives, throbbing with the eternal life of God himself, strengthened by opposition, purified by fire, nurtured by the storm, grown more fresh as ages roll—this book, the Bible, lives forever despite the revilings of skeptics and infidels who doubted, railed against it in vain, died, and made their beds in hell, for "the word of our God shall stand forever." By it, measure your life's deeds, by it, "so run, that ye may obtain."

One celebrated writer in speaking of the Bible declares, "Its words live in the ears like a music that can never be forgotten, like the sounds of

church bells which the convert knows he cannot forego. Its felicities often seem to be almost things rather than mere words. It is a part of the rational mind, and the anchor of rational seriousness. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The power of all the griefs and trials of man is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of his best moments; and all that has been about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good speaks to him forever out of his English Bible. It is his sacred thing which doubt has never dimmed and controversy never soiled. In the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant with one spark of religiousness about him whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible." I give you this statement for a life-time truth: there is no other certain path to heaven than that traversed by Christ—the Sinless One—from Bethlehem's manger past Calvary to His throne in heaven.

Outside of sacred history, the best biographies of the best men, and the stories of their best deeds cannot fully express the elevating influence of such lives upon the lives of others.

Aside from your ability to read of good deeds, good men and lofty sentiments; you must be able to absorb the essence of these into your character, and at the same instant, suffer not your individuality to die. *Be yourself. Be yourself.* Stamp the impress of your personality upon every act you

perform. Pull circumstances your way, do not allow them to pull you toward them. You might as well jump into the raging torrent bearing away to a shoreless sea as to fall in with every scheme or fad gotten up or presented to you. When storms howl around you be the storm defying oak, the granite boulder that laughs at lightnings. Spurn the trend of every day events about you when these are wrong. "For the ways of the Lord are right, and the just shall walk therein."

Strict attendance to the minutiae of moral principles is the basis of all true manhood and womanhood. An ever constant pursuance of the precepts enunciated will lead the most selfish to apparent success. But egoism is not to be your goal-sought purpose. Divorced of selfish ends, the world wants moral giants. Society's inter-dependence is pronounced. Altruism may be the initiatory motor force, but the necessity for society's preservation is equally potent as every man's interest is equally conserved by this preservation.

The sociological investigation of modern scholars is all made with a necessary end in view—a pathological study of society's ills. Though we find conditions at times alarming, we are getting better as a world. The fact that wickedness is seen more plainly, and that it is more magnified than ever before is an evidence of a more enlightened conscience—of man's desire for, and successful struggle after better things and right.

I am daily convinced that this enlargement of high purpose and consummation of lofty aims is

the result of ages of growth threaded by the physical, intellectual and moral evolution of man. Are you prepared to help forward this planet growth, this world betterment? You can, you must, you will, if the right steps are taken, if the right motives inspire.

The duty of struggling for the forward advance of this work finds lodgment with you. 'Tis only the well rounded individual who can play his part, who can conserve the ends of progress. The individual, temperate in the sense of being his own complete master, that specie of character with plastic power enough to individualize everything brought into contiguity with itself.

The assertion of the principle of individuality is the basis of responsibility for the exceptional influence of this or that character. Multitudes follow a strong character, men hunt a masterful will carrying with it executive volition. Think for yourself, a man's own free will enables him to be strong in purpose. Keep your counsel, the world knowing your plans will seek to destroy them. If the world knows not your intentions, it cannot checkmate you, it does not know how to counterplay your movements. Be creative, resourceful and do not play for fame upon your iconoclastic powers. Search out new truths, investigate old ones, but find something better than the old established idea before discarding or attempting to destroy it.

Be not simply an image breaker, tearing down others who succeed, carping, faultfinding, criti-

cising, abusing your more fortunate fellowmen. Do not despise or hate your neighbor because he has been a success; take care of your own case.

Some of the apostles of higher criticism are empty-hearted and empty-headed; as they are Tom Paine and Ingersoll and play for notoriety upon their ability to doubt God's existence or deny His justice. Spurn these as you would a reptile; avoid them as you would a loathsome disease.

The faith that made your gray-haired mother, though ignorant, pray over your humble couch at midnight, while you, fevered, and in the restlessness of delirium, knew neither her sorrows nor tears for you, is the faith that saves. Stand with Paul who said, "We trust in the living God." You are needed on that side. The goal has never been reached, the prize of the world's complete progress never won; civilization must go onward.

Intellectual development, moral growth, social purification are to be fostered. You must be pattern for and pattern of these. Divesting yourself of racial environment, your duty to civilization demands these. Individual culture and individual life, the aims of all true civilization, and our highest type of personality are product of and produce in turn our best developed civilization.

As to racial environment, I need not say. It is enough to say that you will have more upon you than the youth of other races. You may sometime have the jealousy of a part of your own people and race as well as the prejudices of some of the opposite

races. To some of your race your success will be a source of annoyance. They will strive to make it impossible for you to succeed, and then slander and abuse you for failing. They will tell you that the white man is against you, while in fact, they are against you, themselves. Let not this discourage you. God has enough good people on earth to give you credit for what you are. You young men and young women carry our hopes and fears. Our race can go no higher than you. We must save you that we may save ourselves.

You need not feel that the world should at all times be in harmony with you, or that you are to have no opposition; as opposition must needs come and all men will not see as you see. Opposition, I repeat, will come, but the strong swimmer rolls against the stream. Where there is no warfare, there will be no victories: the bloody strife of Marathon made a Miltiades for history; it was a Rubicon that made a world see the courageous decision of a Cæsar; the papal power opposing, and a German monk, Luther, the mighty reformer lives forever; a Napoleon to fight, and Wellington, the Iron Duke, has the grateful homage of the English people and at his death is buried "with an Empire's lamentation;" the opposition of a Solid South, the brutal assault of Preston Brooks made Charles Sumner a still greater personage as champion of human rights.

The strife from Ft. Donelson to Appomattox made Grant the mighty silent soldier of America;

the terrible straggle from Maryland's Eastern shore debauching slavery, bestial toil and vile treatment up to the company of senators, rulers and kingly compeers made Douglass the greatest man Maryland ever produced, and one of the greatest of the age; the Booker Washington who slept under the sidewalks of Richmond, Virginia, and the Booker Washington afterward riding through the streets of Richmond, the guest of the Governor and Legislature of that state, was one and the same personage. The alteration in the circumstances was due to opposition overcome, and victories achieved.

Call the long line of women of the world—Ruth, Esther, Mary, the Mother of the Gracchi, Joan of Arc, Anna Gould, Victoria, Sojourner Truth, Amanda Smith, Fanny Jackson Coppin; you have a record of noble endeavor, of heartache and goodness, of trials as if by fire, of purity and virtue hallowed in the midst of suffering, triumphantly secure above all storm. So must you, "so run, that ye may obtain."

Herbert says, "A good life is never out of season." Show the world what is in you at your best; never consider any act as trifling. The world always sees you—let it see only the best of you. The awfulness of the privilege of living and the responsibilities consequent upon the same should impel you to speak and act always, as if your life were in the balance. You can thus force your demands from the most unwilling fate.

Lewes says, "Instead of saying that man is the creature of circumstances, it would be nearer the

mark to say that man is the architect of circumstance. It is character which builds an existence out of circumstance. Our strength is measured by our plastic power. From the same materials one man builds palaces, another hovels; one warehouses another villas. Bricks and mortar are mortar and bricks until the architect can make them something else. Thus it is that in the same family, in the same circumstances, one man rears a stately edifice, while his brother vacillating and incompetent lives forever amid ruins; the block of granite which was an obstacle in the pathway of the weak, become a stepping stone in the pathway of the strong."

Be not impulsive or spasmodic in your efforts, as this means only a dissipation of energy and abortive results from any plan of action however high-souled. Before you act, at all times consider the end. Your acts are but antecedents and consequents. One will force the other. It is well to so measure the one act as to force a condition favorable to a better or more successful one. It will require coolness and deliberation on your part, an energetic, prudent pursuit of your aim, with that rightful aim depending upon the 'rightful means necessary to its consummation.

The end—the end is to be the final test. Our lives are measured at last at the end. You are to "so run, that ye may obtain" at the end. You can not afford to make glaring mistakes: the world condones no offences whether they be intentional or unintentional. Be not like Burns, the brilliant,

of whom it was said "Thus thoughtless follies hid him low and stained his name." Be prudent. "Whether thy soul soars fancy's flights beyond the pole, or darkling grubs this earthly hole in low pursuit—know, prudent, cautious, self control is wisdom's root." Do your duty in this onward struggle. The eternal element of duty enables it to encircle every moment of life from the swaddling clothes of the cradle and the mother's crooning song so sweetly tender to the shrouded, shrouded dead of the grave rested 'mid requiem's tune and wailing dirge.

Mrs. Jameson, a woman you can afford to emulate says, "Duty is the cement which binds the whole moral edifice together, without which all power, goodness, intelligence, truth, happiness, love itself, can have no permanence; but all the fabrics of existence crumble away from under us and leave us at last sitting in the midst of a ruin, astonished at our own desolation." When the voice of conscience speaks, obey it.

There is but one great object in this world toward which you should direct your efforts, that is the good of the world. The world soon knows a real hero from a mere actor. Be courageous. Search for the brightest spot in the silvery lining of every hovered cloud about you.

Said Solomon, "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." Make friends of the world. A man can live without parents, he can sometimes live without money, but he cannot live without

friends. I think a little child solved the problem upon being asked, "Why does every one love you so much?" She said, "I think it is because I love every one so much." Love for the world begets the love of the world for you. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," says Holy Writ.

Be generous. You can afford to err on the side of mercy rather than *vis vis*. "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." Above all things, remember the words of Emerson, "A beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues and pictures, it is the finest of the fine arts." Such acts as these mean for you when life's race is run that you shall have so run that ye obtained.

I like this well expressed sentiment of a writer, "If you have in your own cause grown gray with unbleached honor, bless God and die." By so doing you will have served your purpose, you will have chanted your strain successfully in the prologue of a final chorus of universal gladness, you shall have been inspired to success, and shall have in turn inspired others to endeavor more sublime. In the flight of years be vindicator of a struggling race and burden bearer of a world.

You were made by your very existence a related part of a symmetrically developed universe. Play well your part. You are not alone. The fire-robed sun, the star-decked isles of a trackless sky, the purling streams and running rills, the winding

rivers, the shoreless sea, the gulf bound crag, the undulating plain, the graceful, drooped-head'd My, the mountain-wreathing pine, the soft voiced night wind fanning the flowers, the on-rushing, throbbing leonine storm, all creation from the smallest atom here below to the tallest rainbow-winged archangel near His great white throne are enjoined by eternal duty's law to labor to one end—the better of all creation's mighty scope. So labor that at last you may say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." "So run, that ye may obtain."



"GO THROUGH, GO THROUGH THE GATES; PREPARE YE THE WAY OF THE PEOPLE; CAST UP, CAST UP THE HIGHWAY; GATHER OUT THE STONES; LIFT UP A STANDARD FOR THE PEOPLE."

—ISAIAH 62-10.

Theme—The Religious Demand of the Present Century as Relates to the Christian Church. †

There has been more than one comment and even I might say a diversity of opinions as relates to the passage just read.

Bishop Coke says it refers to some great and future reformation of the church. Another one commenting upon this passage construes it thus—"Do not tarry at ease in the church as men in the gaiety and luxury of a great city; but pass out of the gates into the uncultivated lands of nominal or perverted Christianity, Mohammedan delusion or heathen darkness and lift a standard of testimony of the truth as it is in Jesus in the sight of an ignorant and misled people."

The individual devoting a moment's thought to the above passage, I aver, can at once see that it

† Educational Sermon delivered before the Missouri Annual Conference of the African M. E. Church, in session at Cape Girardeau, Missouri, Oct., 1902.

has to do with reformations, with growths, with development for good, with an unfolding into the higher and nobler states as relates to humanity.

Isaiah was inspired by the Great Captain of our Salvation to speak words of cheer to all the world, to sound the word forward down the battle line of ages, to rally to their God-ordained duty, the hosts who are to bless and brighten humanity.

It must strike the reader as being more than the ordinary passage with more than ordinary emphasis; when he hears twice spoken these words:—"Go through, go through"—showing the resolution and the determination to be ours, abjuring us to go through and onward no matter what the task.

There are gates to be gone through; there are to be prepared ways for the people, all the people; a highway above all blackness and wrong must be thrown up; stones, obstructions to the world's glorious progress must be cast out; and you, you, man of God, under God must lift up a standard for the people.

We are passing through the gates of the 20th Century as to time; as to condition, we are breaking hell-forged bars of sin and wrong and passing through these gates to opportunity's glorious fields, fields white unto the harvest.

The question of our duty and our labor broadens finally into a question not of church saving or race saving, but of world saving.

There are in the universe to-day conditions to be met in every walk of life as we struggle to even enter the gates, duties passing into greater importance, labors of moment as the fields unfold to view, stones, mountain-like, to be removed and in His name removable, if only we have faith like unto a grain of mustard seed: a standard of physical, intellectual, moral and religious excellence—the result of the most harmonious and symmetrical development—to be lifted up before the people.

Let us first know that in order to under God keep the command delivered through Isaiah, we must first know of what is before us, of its demands upon us; and then prepare for these demands. Inexorable are the laws of cause and effect; unchangeable for better without mortar forces for the same are the conditions confronting us.

Where they are wrong, they must be righted; where they are moderately good, they must be better; our present better condition must ultimately be made the best possible condition.

The world is struggling to-day with sociological, economic, religious and political states. In the midst of these are we. Here is our labor and our work. The individual is sadly wanting who estimates that any weakling can cope with the arduous duties to be performed.

Speaking of the sociological conditions; many phases of the same present themselves. One can only comprehend the enormity of these ills by a close study of the same.

An intelligent investigation into these conditions has brought to view a multitude of tragedies in human life. Disease-racked frames and death as a result of ignorance or of utter defiance of the laws of hygiene; and worse still, unchecked wickedness and debauchery among the youth as well as among the aged criminals are found in far too great numbers in our great centres of population. Some of these are brutal, savage, semi-civilized; and nihilism, murder and outlawry are the results of miserable conditions to be met by the world of leaders who strive to lift up a standard for the people.

Why must the "blood and iron" policy of tyrants be constantly enforced in empire's realm? Because of Socialistic tendencies of the suffering masses who feel the classes inveighed against them. The maddened commune, the murder of kings, the deadly peril of crowned heads, and the contempt and hatred for coronets and robes all prove that some day thrones are to fall, and sceptres are to be broken. But the fact of these wrongs does not justify these methods.

Generally ignorance or embroiled brain will by violence wreck everything and dash out its light and life in vain attempts to right its wrongs.

This business of king killing only makes deified heroes of dead kings. Universal freedom must come in some other way. The world must be led and educated up to the proper conditions by you; as you are passing through the gates. The sen-

timent generated among the lower-strata in foreign lands is having its effect in our own land.

First the lower masses, then the middle classes, are being inoculated with this virus.

The dreadful struggle seen daily between labor and capital, between poverty and gold, upheavels and discord all point the way to revolution and blood-shed unless a highway is thrown up, unless the world has erected for it a standard inspiring to better things. We want that all the world shall have a common interest.

The mediatorial position to be occupied by the trained man of God will enable him to assume this unselfish position. He it is who here must "Go through, go through the gates, prepare ye the way of the people, gather out the stones, cast up a highway, lift up a standard for the people."

We want people to think. Bosses want people to let them do the thinking; but true leaders want the people to think. We must educate all classes to think, and make them realize that laws can place men on thrones and yet not endow them with kingly traits; and that as if to emphasize this fact circumstances are nullified, when manhood, the most valuable commodity of the world's market, is enthroned in the human soul.

We said a moment ago that we must have a common interest. We again say that only when men have common interests are they other than enemies each to the other. They must be taught to obey the rules of fair conduct to each other.

Brethren, no man can ever be so situated as to get along without his neighbor's good will. You may not need his aid outright and pronounced; but you do at least need that he do you no harm. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

This world is reciprocal to an intense degree; this you must teach the world. Men get out of life what they put into it; but at an increased rate of interest. "Sowing the wind you reap the whirlwind." Again if you would receive good of the world invest good in the world. The moralities in ourselves demanding of us consideration of the rights of others will best insure these rights for us. We shall be happy to see the world taught, lead and uplifted until it learns that giving to each man what he deserves and no more is the highest form of justice.

The world to-day is far from free—there is a darkness about the multitudes still. This hell born blackness, this seeming partiality of the fates, this struggle of the world against the teachings of the lowly Nazarine, this subtlety and cunning of the devil's allies whose combinations are clogging the way through which the world must go to greater and nobler things must be met by you and every other trained and earnest leader of the people. Satan, conjure up your démoniac revelry in vain, prepare for rout and destruction when the men of God are trained to their tasks and inspired to their duty by the Spirit of the Lord; for then they will heed his command in Isa. 57-14, saying,

"Take up the stumbling block out of the way of my people."

To this end no man can be contentedly happy unmindful of the condition of others. In fact the spirit of the world's progress lays in the disposition of man to spread his happiness to others. Let us not feel disconcerted by the awful price by which these are purchased.

The things are dearest to us that are highest priced. It required the death of a God to meet the demands of justice for man's ransom and spiritual liberty; and may I say that liberty's cause among men has caused the shedding of the purest and best blood of men in all the ages of God's universe.

We must not be complacent, we must be neutral on no question, falter at no step, we must take a stand in this great work of world freedom of the masses. We, the free, must set about our unfinished task of freeing others. If they be weak, we must be strong; if they be timid, we must be brave; if they be burdened down, we must take up their burdens: we must go on, go on in this the unfinished work of the free, until we see as Bentham taught "Everybody to count for one, nobody to count for more than one."

These reforms will demand a type of whom we shall speak later on.

Did it occur to you that our efforts to reform the world are confined almost wholly to those in touch with us? What of the fallen, what of those of the gutter, what of the hell of the cities and our penal

institutions, the advance agents of the very inner circle of perdition?

I refer to our custom of refusing to touch the sinner whom the world casts out, to that one who incarcerated in the prison can only meet the stupidly vicious and brutally morbid and unclean of his associates there. Who puts books before him, good books, good literature, the thoughts of the noblest of every age? What inspires him to the higher life? No one and nothing.

Now this is a fault. We convict, condemn, disgrace and throw these into greater temptation; we send them out again embittered by this ordeal, disgraced forever with weakened wills to fall again and again before temptation.

Brethren here are some questions the man of thought must answer. Fight out and down such attempts at reform, such slanders on the name of progress reeking with the inquisition, smelling of the forest and cave, and memory of the jungle. But no weakling can do these things. These are some of the questions. Who can answer them? Who shall be able to stand? Ye who "Study to show thyself a workman approved unto God, rightly dividing the word of truth."

The political economist will write learned treatises as relates to solutions of problems of state. He knows, you and I know that the ideal in political government has not been at present reached. Some one says, "What have I to do with that?" Much brother, much. "If there are stones, and there are,

you must gather them out, you must cast up a highway, you must lift up a standard for the people, you must "Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's."

Man himself is first invested with natural rights—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. God grants these with man's creation. In other words, all are born with equal rights, being of one flesh and blood. Legal or positive rights guaranteeing man free access to the prerogatives of citizenship are resultant of man's legislation. But these should be equal to all,

Jesus, the Christ, came into the world and his teaching was such as to develop man into a governor of self; which to-day makes possible democracy or the exercise of man's free will as relates to control of his temporal welfare and his status contemporaneously with that of his brother.

No state of the body politic has been up to all desired or all attainable. Every reform has been in its turn discarded to make a place for a more advanced one.

The world's history politically is one of tremendous growth, strenuous progress, and aggressive thought.

Kings and knight errantry have become effete considerations and man is making successful efforts to do away with every vestige of monarchial rule.

The cannonade of armies on the world's every quarter is the summoner of liberty's disciples who rally for the final assault; and the world's cry for freedom is the gathering storm, that must break over the world if necessary for universal liberty.

The wars in the Orient, the cannon-mouth battle-god frightening the beasts in South African forests, the iron clad warship terrifying the monsters of the mighty deep everywhere are all the precursors of a world war coming unless we do our duty, unless we sound the alarm.

'Tis the cloud no bigger than a man's hand now preparing to burst over us all. What man can gather out the stones, what man can cast up a highway, what man can lift up a standard for the people? Surely brethren it must needs be a strong man.

Man is hunting freedom. Man is searching for liberty; this feeling of self interest is century-grown and world wide.

Armies cannot quell it, kings cannot frown it down; man wants and must have liberty, freedom and happiness. When you disfranchise him as in the south, you wrong the voter, you wrong the state. The state is not safe until every citizen knows his rights and is accorded them; knows his duty and performs it. Governments, states must have as their chief safeguard the love of their subjects; and only those not thinkers can expect a child to love a partial and unnatural mother. Equally true is the fact that no citizen can love a partial government.

Better a ballot in the hand than a sense of wrong in the head. The denial of a vote gives rise to a desperate resolve to possess the ballot. Bayonets cannot force patriotism or willing submission to any law.

Governments are strongest that live in the hearts of their subjects. Some one must stand and teach subjects their duties and battle for their rights as well. Only the strongest men can do this work. Giants must lead the fray; only mighty men can meet this battle shock. Men who above the din of the battle of ages can be heard shouting to the world these words found in Isaiah 35-4. "Be strong, fear not, behold your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense, he will come and save you." And to you who are discouraged as to the race troubles in America, let me say that you must fear not; though we are being tried as by fire, simply be strong enough to lead the way.

The scheme of governmental plan should consider only that useful which provides for the betterment, both materially and spiritually, and conduces to the happiness of the greatest number of the community. Government is good or bad, useful or detrimental, as the operation of its law conduces to the happiness and prosperity of its subjects.

Nations must be raised to that plane, standards such as these must be raised in all lands, the seats of all human government must be fashioned as near as possible like divine government; thus alone can

we see the realization of that which is best and noblest in all humanity. We want the day to come when all nations shall "Beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks."

It were well for the Church of God if in every track made by the onward march of civilization the Nazarine's gospel could follow. It not only should be, it must be. But before we become too optimistic let us see what has been true and what from these precursors of the future shall be the march of our God's church as we sweep through the gates of the new century. It is nineteen hundred years ago since a rough, unkempt one preaching in the wilderness of Judea uttered these words, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." Ever since that day there has been a spiritual freedom and moral uplift in the human family. There has been a rallying of His hosts and believers, a swaying backward and forward of the battle line from then until now, and may I say, there has never been sounded a retreat; (though with ebb and flow like the waves of the tide,) each surge and dash have placed the wave-line of humanity's sea nearer the shores of heaven.

Great and good characters have come from their time unheralded and passed away gloriously beloved because of their work for this cause. There have been sacrifices made for the cause that go beyond all human conception or human thought. The death of early martyrs, the rack, the fagot, the

lion's den, the coliseum that in memory has about it the light of burning Rome, mad Nero fiddling, and the murdered saints of God. These with Luther, the Wesleys, Whitfield and Allen all proclaim the depths from which we have come, the heights to which we have gone. But the mistakes have been many, and still are many. 'Tis these evils against which we must labor and teach.

I fear that infidelity and unbelief have oftentimes been birthed from our very weakness. We find social evils existing in the church against which we either will not or dare not speak. What are they? The mazy dance, the looking on the wine while it is red, the card-table and the games, the no harm sins as they are called, dishonesty and the scoffing at the religion of the fathers—these are but a few of the many social evils of to-day. There seem now to be in this world false ideals of what is right and what is wrong.

We want to see the sun turned on, we want to let in the world of light, to see come the era when man's conception of right shall agree with that of the Christ—Christ who set up the true standard for the people. Again, human ambitions are helping to rack the church of God. Dishonorable struggle, selfish aims are ills from which we suffer today.

We preach to the world, *get right with God*. Better preach at times to each other, *get right with thy neighbor*.

Now my dear brethren with such conditions as these before us in many places what shall we do

to make ourselves and thus the church strong for the work set before us? Do we fail to draw the people to us and our teachings? If so, we must prepare more than ever before. We shall need giants morally, intellectually and physically.

The fifth century gave the world a powerful character, Mohammed, whose teachings must be combatted by us to-day. The later centuries gave us in succession Calvin, Knox, Oliver Cromwell, who struck terror to the heart of tyranny. The eighteenth century gave us John Wesley, the founder of Methodism and Robert Peel, the soul of the nineteenth century reform. Our times have given us Lincoln, Gladstone, Bismarck, Roosevelt, Browning, Tennyson, Douglass, Payne, and Booker Washington. The present and future leaders must follow in the footsteps of these great men.

We want not only brainy leaders, but brainy followers.

We have had discussed triple education, intellectual, industrial, and moral. What we as Christian ministers need is to be masters in our line, able to grapple with any and all these questions. We must be able to give an intellectual answer to the multiform and manifold queries of the day. We should not however pride ourselves upon being able to grapple with these problems alone. We need God's help. Get out of self, get into Christ. Get the Holy Ghost in us, around us and we can, if properly and thoroughly trained, meet all demands and measure up to the requirements of our

God, who commanded us to "Go through, go through the gates, prepare ye the way of the people, cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones, lift up a standard for the people."

The A. M. E. Church should essay to do its part for society, the church and civic states by rearing up all over this broad land and in the islands of the sea, schools and colleges for the education of our youth, and the training of its ministers.

The Twentieth century man is preparing day by day. Brethren encourage our youth to prepare to meet the demands. May I say it is a sublime thing to live. Better to have never lived than be a failure. But let us raise up no false standards of success or failure.

A failure does not consist in being poor or unknown. No, not that. That man fails who refuses to live up to the light God gives him, who refuses to do the best his circumstance allows, who frets and falters, stops and stands, and hunts not for a place to fit in—a place beneficial both to himself and to the world. *Adjustment, adjustment*—that's the word. The making of the most of the present opportunities, the working out of one idea, knowing that the result will give a nobler one.

A poet said, "They serve who only stand and wait." The sentiment is beautiful, but true only when waiting at God's command. Such souls as these come as a result of this harmonious training and development. We want these leaders to be able to generate thought, mould sentiment and

create such conditions as will make for the amelioration of all these unfortunate states; leaders who can unify and harmonize all the forces of earth and heaven for the consummation of goodness, peace, unbridled truth and world-wide love. Again I ask who can make possible these things? The trained man, the strong vigorous soul, conscious of his powers which are consecrated to God.

The artisan trained to industrialism, the secularly professional man, the God called hero of the Cross, all better conserve the ends of God and Christian civilization; if they all are trained intellectually and surcharged with the presence of the Holy Spirit.

The finer moral qualities are more potent when possessed by those trained up nearer to the ideal creature, as set forth in Christ. These settle with unconscious effort all questions, whether sociological, political, religious or moral. Thus pass we on as a church to our duty.

Our schools are lifting up the world, solving the problem, heeding the divine command. "Go through, go through the gates, prepare ye the way of the people, cast up, cast up a highway, gather out the stones, lift up a standard for the people."

Church of God, about your duty go, and if discouraged, I say as said the prophet through Israel "Remember ye not the former things, nor consider the things of old." If we press on, some day your children and your children's children, when our present afflictions pass away, shall be able to shout

and sing as did God's mouth-piece in Holy Writ "Break forth unto joy, sing together ye waste places of Jerusalem, for the Lord will go before you and the God of Israel will be your reward."

We are engaged in world saving, we shall not fail, nothing shall impede our advance, we shall heed the command "Go through, go through the gates, prepare ye the way of the people, cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up a standard for the people."

Back forces of hell, retreat minions of darkness, armies of Apollyon be routed and destroyed, be dispersed forever arch-fiends of damnation.

Rally ye children of the king, rise up ye sons of God, make ready for the Bride-groom, lift high the banner of the cross-bearing, thorn-crowned Holy One, that—that is the eternal universal standard of the people, "And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."





*See more before history
this.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Abraham Lincoln was born Feb. 12, 1809, in Hardin county, Kentucky. His parents removed during his youth to Indiana, and a little later to Illinois. They were known as poor squatters and Lincoln's family seems to have been as humble and lowly as any in the miserable camp. His mother died in his youth but he was blessed with a good stepmother, who as he said made him feel like a human being by her improved way of living; but this was little. He had about twelve months of schooling altogether, but educated himself by years of hard study.

He read law, was elected to Congress in 1854, made no unusual reputation only for being a level-headed thinker, became famous in the contest with Douglass for the United States Senate in 1858, was elected president of the United States in 1860, was shot by J. Wilkes Booth, April 14, 1865, and died April 15, 1865.

One man said, "The history of the world is the history of heroes." Not that the history of heroes

An Oration delivered before the Lincoln Day Club in the Hall of the House of Representatives at Topeka, Kansas, Feb. 12, 1901.

makes the history of the sum total of humanity, but that those who give shape and trend to the world's destiny as told by history must be cast in an heroic mould. Search among the heroes of the dead years past, rummage amid the books of the dead ages, reproduce the echoes of Time's chiming bells, conjure up your legendary characters, and whether you search the roll of military chieftains who cut their way to bloody glory, or statesmen with grasp sufficiently comprehensive to guide the destinies of empires or any of earth's benefactors, you find none surpassing this incomparable man. Mr. Lincoln stands out before the world as a lawyer, orator, statesman, emancipator and as a MAN.

As a lawyer, his power lay not so much in his knowledge of the law as in his keen, analytical powers, his thoroughness, his ability to cross-question and convince the jury of the justness of his cause. To begin with, his law was self taught, and while with most men this implies a limited knowledge, with a man of Lincoln's calibre, who always went to the bottom of his subject, it can never mean a lack of ability. A good general is he who can skillfully handle his forces in any and every emergency. Tried by this standard, Lincoln was a great lawyer. His wonderful powers were once displayed when he defended the widow's son charged with murder.

A party of young men engaged in an altercation one night in which one was stabbed to death. At

once suspicion fell on the widow's son. As the time for trial approached, the evidence against his client appeared conclusive and his conviction seemed certain. The main witness for the prosecution swore that he actually saw the accused stab the dead man by the light of the moon. Lincoln cross-questioned him, broke down his honey-combed, perjured evidence, proved that at the hour the murder was committed it was as dark as midnight as the moon had not risen. He then turned on the perjurer and so swift and bitter was his denunciation, filled with invective, disgust, and scorn; that under the awful and merciless excoriation and the hot bolts of fiery condemnation the perjurer rose and fled from the court room and the jury acquitted the accused youth without quitting the box. When the widowed mother approached him and with tears of gratitude asked his charges, he answered, "Nothing from you but your prayers; and, young man, I want you to go home, be a good man and take care of your mother as long as you live."

This was Abraham Lincoln's way of doing things. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren: ye have done it unto me." Who said it? Jesus Christ. Who lived to practice it? Abraham Lincoln. If all men were so moulded, Dr. Sheldon's book—"What would Jesus do?" would be a surplus article on the market. Happily, God raised up Lincoln, a man to set a perfect example of noble endeavor. He would never take the wrong side of a case; his wonderful

talents were never enlisted save on the side of mercy and justice. How such a life stands out in condemnation of those who can be hired to hound down and destroy those of whose sins they know not! The spirit of the Divine Christ rather than that of the "eye for eye, tooth for tooth." Who cares to be the Shylock demanding the pound of flesh? Who cares to pursue to the grave the fallen, weak one, the helpless being in his power? Who cannot see that Lincoln's way was right? None. I, this moment, challenge history from off her endless roster of earth's great—sprinkled as it is with lustrous names—to call the name of one whose principles were more noble and lofty.

Once he was besought to take the case of one in the wrong; these words he was overheard to say to his would-be client, "Yes, we could doubtless gain your case for you, we can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads, we can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children and thereby get your six hundred dollars to which you seem to have a legal claim; but which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as much to the widow as it does to you. You must remember that some things legally right are not morally right. We shall not take your case; but will give you a little advice for which we will charge you nothing. You seem to be a sprightly, energetic man; we would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars some other way."

He realized that nothing could reverse an eternal principle and make right wrong or wrong

right. Like the divine idea with him, law should be fashioned after right, not right after law. In these days of lynchings, Jim Crow cars and race hatred, how much we need rulers like Abraham Lincoln, you may decide.

As an orator and a literary man he is entitled to a place among the great of earth; not from so much that he spoke and wrote, *as from what he spoke and wrote.*

Mighty Demosthenes of Greece who thundered in the Peloponnesus, or Cicero whose deathless fame is brightened by his orations in the forum of imperial Rome, or Bossuet whose classic periods lifted the aesthetic Frenchman to higher ideals than he had ever known, or Dan. O'Connell who made Killarney's lakes and crags and the land of Shamrocks resound with sweet-souled sentiments that enchanted all the world as he dwelt among the stars, or Webster whose mighty powers destroyed nullification on Jan. 26, 1830 in a speech of lofty patriotism, the greatest ever delivered in our national congress, or magnetic Clay who could stand by the crags of his Kentucky mountains and dream of the on-coming of America's millions present to-day, or classic Sumner who could say, "Say in lofty madness if you will that you own the sun, the stars, the moon; but do not say you own a man endowed with soul to live immortal when sun and moon and stars have passed away," or Frederick Douglass, matchless advocate, who, Moses-like, spoke for his bondaged people, or any

prose painter who understands the chemistry of language; they all find their equal, meet their match in Abraham Lincoln.

Whoever stated a cause better than this? "'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' I believe the government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided." In making a statement as to slavery he once said, "If slavery is not wrong, then nothing is wrong." Who could make the statement stronger? No man who lived or ever will live.

It is in his Cooper Institute speech that he comes to the full measure of his power, and realizes what he is within himself. 'Tis here this the prophet of the wilderness comes to classic New England with the doctrine of America's redemption. The patriotic sons of Revolutionary sires took fresh courage and went forth to their task of making human rights sacred, inspired by these words of Lincoln, "Neither let us be slandered from our duty by false accusation against us, nor frightened from it by menaces of destruction to the government, nor of dungeons to ourselves. Let us have faith that right makes might and in that faith, let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it." With such a spirit, martyrs in any cause in all ages have gladly gone to death. 'Twas such a spirit as this that lead him to his martyrdom and gave to him a martyr's crown; and had he lived among the ancients, this spirit would have given him such deification as they knew, when they looking off into

stilly nights at myriad fire worlds playing in a trackless waste gave to these constellations the names of their worshipped noblest dead.

I can hardly understand how the seceding states could resist the closing, appealing words of his first inaugural, "You can have no conflict with the government without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the government while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect and defend it. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle field and patriot's grave to every heart and hearth-stone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of union, when again touched as surely they will be by the better angels of our nature." Did a father ever appeal more fervently to an undutiful son, did a mother ever appeal more earnestly to a wayward daughter than did this kindly man to the erring seceding states? Never.

No other American president ever so addressed the American people. Thank God as long as men with such hearts as these are enthroned in America's place of power, our country is safe; and self-government will endure to mock and taunt kingdoms and empires where some are said to rule by divine right and some to serve by this same God-ordained decree. But in another passage does he seem an avenging prophet, a heaven-ordained seer, a dispenser of eternal justice as he thus speaks in his second inaugural, "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war might pass away; yet if God wills

that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two-hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk and every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be repaid by another drawn by the sword—as was said three-thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the burden of battle, and for his widow and orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting place among ourselves and with all nations." When he uttered these words we were still engaged in the terrible strife in which his heart had been wounded and torn. Every shot that mangled the humblest soldier struck him. Every groan on every battle field was in his ear night and day, every orphaned son and daughter, every widowed mother were to him a just claimant for his interest and sympathy, the sorrows of a nation were upon him. He was the burden bearer of the millions of the great republic and yet out of this fire and storm he comes irradiated, seeing the best and just, rising to such a height as these lines betray as to stand alone upon a mount transfigured, unapproached and unapproachable. But if you desire to see Mr. Lincoln as an orator and a prose poet, read his Gettysburg's speech. He concluded thus as he addressed his auditors among the graves of thousands of dead heroes, "It is rather for us to

be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they give the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these honored dead shall have met their end in that that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth." And of this we say, strike thy lyre O sacred musician, teach again thy minstrel how to sing, touch thy layettes and slaves, O Muse once more, let Homer, blind bard, sing again of rosy fingered morn of Grecian isles and mountains and Trojan tigers strete; let Virgil dignify how Aeneas wandered o'er the earth led by the gods to saving Aeneas; let Dante witness what he heard break from the lips of the church triumphant on the shores of the paradise of God; or Milton tell us of the heaven above us, and the immortal Shakespeare, poet of the world, dignify Shakespeare like a superhuman soul, and yet you have seemingly recovered your highest notes, your sweetest strains to be tuned and struck by this humblest son of toil that he might get from human beings whatever compensation there would be. The American people took him at his word, and as long as we cherish his memory, and our citizenship under his flag—the government of which he spoke and for which he wrought and that shall not perish from the face of the earth. Such was Abraham Lincoln—the master.

Mr. Lincoln was a great statesman. Seward and Chase the distinguished competitors of Lincoln for the nomination for the presidency, when called to his Cabinet each expected to be president in reality, but it required only a short time for them to discover that the destiny of America was presided over by a master of the situation. Lincoln in all his legislative experience had been noted for extraordinary common sense. He always took a high ground, pleading for uprightness, and would have the approval of conscience before he took a stand. With him permanent victory—the result of the educated public opinion—far outclassed a temporary advantage—the result of policy and expediency. He was willing to work and wait. His friends solicited him to not make a certain speech, as it would injure his future materially, if not destroy it. This was his reply, "Not true and I will deliver it as it is written. I would rather be ridiculed with those expressions in my speech held up and discussed by the people, than to be victorious without them." Henry Clay did not say anything more noble when he said, "I would rather be right than be prominent."

What interested him most was Douglas A. Douglas was the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, because of his silent approval the extension of slavery, he said without a word of regret. "If I had no more a year to live, my record and name my whole life long, and I had one year left, I should wish to be what I should see from the world, I should choose

that speech and leave it to go to the world uncrased. And now the fight must go on."

Again he said, "I believe I have made marks that will tell for the cause of liberty after I am gone." These were the lofty sentiments of his illumined soul. His task as a president was the greatest America has ever furnished for mortal man. God alone foresaw the enormity of the task, and he mercifully prepared Abraham Lincoln for its performance. Had not slavery filled the fountain of liberty with hemlock? Who was to purge its waters? Abraham Lincoln alone.

The monarchical systems of Europe were waiting to see American civilization—prophesied as the preserver of the rights of men—stop its march of progress toward the light, turn and re-enter the darkness of anarchy and oriental despotism. Some of the issues, the solution of which was a part of his task, were the raising of moneys going out by the thousands of thousands daily, the failings and jealousies of bickering generals, the capriciousness of public opinion changing with every success or reverse of the union army, the dealing with ultra-conservatives who could decide on no fixed policy, and the hot-headed radical who to gain a point would wreck any cause, the outlining of our policy toward England and other foreign powers, the business of the blockade and the "Alabama," the seizure of Mason and Slidell from the Trent, the refusal to be overawed into recognizing Maximilian in Mexico, and the Negro question—the greatest of all and

the most far-reaching because of its open defiance of both the laws of God and of man, considering that in no instance did he make a mistake—all proved him as skilled in state-craft as any ruler Orient or Occident has ever known. This was Lincoln, the statesman.

But it is as the emancipator that he wins his deathless fame. He was in this role true to his early acts and principles. To those who hold that Lincoln freed the slaves as a military necessity; I say, Lincoln was always an inveterate foe to slavery. In early manhood he and his cousin, John Hanks made a trip to New Orleans, where they saw a slave being sold in the market. Lincoln turning, said, "If I ever get a chance to hit this institution, I'll hit it hard." In the light of his subsequent deeds, it seems a prophecy. Once the governor of Illinois refused to interfere when a free Negro from that state was wrongfully detained at New Orleans, and was about to be sold for prison expenses. Lincoln, in thunder tones, exclaimed: "By the Eternal governor! I'll make the ground of this country too hot for the foot of a slave." Again the spirit of prophecy was upon him. He could not afford to make the war a struggle for slavery's extension alone. He once said: "I am naturally anti-slavery. If slavery is not wrong, then nothing is wrong. I cannot remember a time when I did not so think and feel. And yet I have never understood that the presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act upon that judgment and feel-

ing. It was in the oath I took that I would to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the constitution of the United States. This oath even forbade me practically to indulge my private, abstract judgment on the moral question of slavery. I could not feel that to the best of my ability I had even tried to preserve the constitution if to save slavery or any minor matter, I should permit the wreck of government, country and constitution all together." And yet this just man struggled on. He awaited for an opportunity to act, when the American people would be at his back. So that when the reverses of 1862 came upon the Northern army, when the Confederacy was arrogant and aggressive, and European governments were contemplating recognition of the Confederacy; his hour and opportunity came.

He saw a unified North in his support of any radical movement, also the utter impossibility of any European power approving the course of the South toward the slaves; and like the wise man that he was he made the step. These words will live forever: " . . . I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States are, and henceforward shall be, free; and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the Military and Naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons." He had fulfilled his promises and prophecy. He had hit the institution hard, he had made the ground of

this country too hot for the foot of the slave. Then came our day of gladness. Then came the hour when all could sing: "Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea, Jehovah has triumphed, His people are free."

Abraham Lincoln, the man, is within himself remarkable. He was in every way an unusual personage; tall, so much so as to seem grotesque in figure, six feet four inches in height, gaunt, stooping; in any crowd attention would be attracted to his rugged stature and homely, noble face. A giant in physique and strength, careless as to habits of dress, resultant of his early circumstances—he everywhere was always earnest, honest Abraham Lincoln. A saddened countenance betraying his sorrows, trials and the sorrows of a bonded race and shackled nation, all presaged his coming martyrdom (lesser as to responsibilities and divinity only) when compared to that of Jesus Christ 1800 years before. Yet, weighed by these griefs, he undismayed, undaunted struggled on, and while the gathering shadows of the rebellion lowered and weighty questions breaking the constitution and eating out the life of America's statesmen were his daily occupation, he wrought out hope's fruition such as we enjoy to-day. Some argue that he was an accident, but accidents do not leave their imprint and impress upon the world as did this man. Pigmy giants strutted their brief hour upon the stage and passed away. They were accidents of fortune. But, out of the fires of his day and time,

out of the blackness of suffering's night stands that figure, grand and peculiar, without an imitator before or since his day. Such men are not accidents. Mr. Lincoln's greatness comes not alone as a result of innate genius and power, but from years of patient toil. When others slept, he was studying, searching; when others were trifling, he was at thought; when others idled, he was at toil—he had learned the value of time. 'Twas thus he struggled on. What an inspiration to ambition in all future time! This shrewd, self-taught man—whether catching a few brief moments between the furrows he was plowing, or at night by the light of pine-knots in the backwoods of the primeval forest while the howling winds through the forest giants broke the midnight stillness or chanted strange melodies broken only by the bear's growl or the wolf's lonely howl, or in his humble law office at Springfield, or the mansion at our Capitol—was drinking deep from the well of knowledge, preparing his lines for the great stage-play in which he was to be the central actor and win applause from the world's millions; applause to be stilled only when the angel of eternity shall forever ring the curtain down for all the earth. These lessons of perseverance he carried into the profession of law, as his keen, analytical mind early gave out the trend of his mental bias. Walking for miles to borrow law-books and study these at night and return them in the morning, he works his way to greatness and honor. Taking time to unravel the most complex

questions for the benefit of those around him; his rude unlettered compeers knew that in Lincoln they had one who could and would lead them to the light.

He was one of the plain people, they trusted him; and he never forsook them. The name of Lincoln was a synonym for honesty. The little Salem post-office of which he had been postmaster had been discontinued. He was oftentimes afterward compelled to borrow money upon which to live; but when several years after the government representative came around to have a settlement, Lincoln produced an old blue sock and poured out to the amount of sixteen or eighteen dollars, the identical money with which the neighbors had purchased stamps—he had not touched a penny. What an example of honesty for the politician to-day. Once in a lawsuit he needed thirty thousand dollars for a few hours for the purpose of making a legal tender for his client. He walked out of the court room across the street; and it was handed him at once, without security of any kind. In a few hours he returned and neither he nor the banker took notice of the incident. He had so lived that he could be trusted. To-day banks require gilt-edged security many times the amount loaned. Some ask could such have been to-day? Yes, if men taught and wrought as did honest Abraham Lincoln, and every man realized as Pope, that *an honest man's the noblest work of God*. Sooner be a dog and bay the moon, sooner be a worm and writhe on

the ground, sooner have the body quartered and burned and the ashes tossed by the breeze, North, South, East and West, with name forgotten, with oblivion closing o'er him and dying out, ignobly rot as carrion on the wayside plain than do a deed that bore the millionth part of perfidy and dishonor. This was the character of Abraham Lincoln.

Of mercy he had plenty, the kind that robs justice of its sting, and gives mortal visions of the Heaven to be. Hand in hand with mercy ran his sympathy and love. These struggled for the highest seat in his noble heart. Whether wading the icy water to carry across a whining pet dog left behind; or returning six miles over the hot, dusty road to be covered with mud in his efforts to rescue a pig in the mire; or clearing free the widow's son; or pardoning the boy condemned to death for sleeping at his post in war time; or praying and weeping in the hospitals over the maimed, bleeding, wounded, dying and dead of the beaten, broken army of either side; or delivering fiery denunciations of sin and wrong at the bar; or stating a case so plainly that those who run may read; or listening to the petition of the lowly and oppressed; or taking to his heart the downtrodden of every condition; or weighing the most complex problems of state in the executive mansion; or dying a martyr's death: he was the same merciful, Christ-like man—a law unto himself, the unheralded, the unapproachable forever—Abraham Lincoln.

Venon
Abraham Lincoln
 (Extract from an Address 103)

* If living for others, dying for others, accomplishing the greatest good for humanity is to be considered greatness; then Abraham Lincoln is the greatest man in American history, and among the greatest that ever lived; and our loftiest panegyrics are but wasted words and our eulogies and encomiums but idle prattle that essay to do justice to his memory. The Declaration of Independence was defective, and without his work the experiment of self-government was to be a failure. The four pillars of the temple—liberty, fraternity, equality and law—were tottering before the fall to ruin. It remained for Lincoln to put his hand to the temple and steady it; to say and do the right thing, in the right way, at the right time and in the right place—to set the bondman free. When the ship of state rode the boisterous waves of secession, and the clouds, threatening and awful, hid the way to safety for his countrymen; this gaunt brave sea captain like some mighty mariner stood on the bridge, with right for his compass, God's hand beckoning the way, steering past maelstrom: and when the world asked the fate of its fondest hope, self-government, he answered back, "All's well—All's well." He, like another the greater Savior stood by the slave and when the hour was ripe cried, "Loose him and let him go!"

Ye fathers who knew the canebrakes and cotton-patches of the South and dragged slavery's clanking chains, ye know his worth to you; ye mothers whose virtue was not considered, who saw your

Address delivered at the funeral of Abraham Lincoln, Washington, D.C., April 11, 1865.

daughters sold away to lives of shame, and your sons doomed to bestial toil, ye know his worth to you. It is for you to appreciate his effort and work for yourself and children as he would have taught you, had he lived a little longer to complete his work. Young men look to the higher and nobler things of life, dwell in the clouds; 'tis thus you can but feebly attempt to do justice to his memory and revere the efforts of the sainted, martyred dead.

America can well afford to laud him to the skies. Gorgeous pageantry, pulsating throngs, chanting choirs and eloquent rhymers and versifiers can well afford to spend their noblest efforts essaying to tell the earth how they revere his name. America, when you forget your heaven-born mission, remember Abraham Lincoln. No good deed ever dies. His work is eternal. Its lessons will live when æons shall have come and gone, and time has surrendered to eternity. Oh, illustrious dead, wreathed in immortality, dweller in the land of light, let thy spirit hover over the world to-day in this hour of bloodshed and war, aching hearts and hearthstones! May thy Americanized kingdom come! In these days of lynching, strife, race-hatred and distress may every unjust heart be transformed and fashioned after thine. Then shall we see the day of a gladdened, purified world. Rest! Rest! Rest! Thy fame is secure. Trusted with posterity, it is surpassed by none since man became a living soul. 'Tis safe with those who love free government, with the widow and orphan or him

who bore the shock of battle in war, the bondman rejoicing in his freedom, or any who deserved to live; it is secure. Minstrel and bard will sing of thee, dreamer will place thee with mythology's deities, nations will rise and stand with head uncovered at the mention of thy name; and when thy granite monuments as all man's works have perished and all sarcophagi and mausoleum have crumbled away, fresh and immutable as the God-ordained deeds of the prophets, thy deeds shall endure until time shall cease to be.





THE MISSION OF THE TEACHER.

Mr. President and Members of the Missouri State Teachers' Association:—You will permit me first to say that I am before you today fully aware of the exceeding great honor conferred upon me; first, by being deputed to come here by the sister body that I represent, and secondly by being permitted to stand before what I realize and what the country acknowledges to be one of the strongest educational gatherings in this country. There are in this assemblage to-day men who can cope with the giants of the earth in an intellectual way; women who because of their ability, culture, refinement and true nobility can grace the most exclusive set, whether it be aristocratic democracy or the courtly palaces of kings.

We stand here to-day to represent a body of teachers who have gone through the schools and who are to-day directing schools, building colleges, leading the black youth to the higher things of life

A Fraternal Address delivered Dec. 26, 1931, before the Missouri State Teachers' Association (white) on behalf of the Missouri State Teachers' Association (colored).

on the spot where forty years ago was heard the clank of slavery's chain.

We have represented on our program for the present session, the heads of four Negro colleges, with high schools and academies in all the large cities, with public schools in every town, hamlet and country district all working with unisoned effort to make Imperial Missouri greater, a race nobler and a nation forever secure. I am a native of Missouri and with just pride call this name.

As educators we are working hand in hand for the advancement of our state. We should be together in aspiration, together in aim, together in the hope for an unclouded future. Man is growing man is broadening; onward, ever onward is the cry echoing from out the centuries. Progress is the law of life. Says Emerson; "Men walk as prophecies of the next age." "Men cease to interest us when we find their limitations."

In keeping with this spirit which yields to the demands of progress in every phase of human life and human endeavor, there must be, there is an evolution necessitating heroic work on the part of those who train the youth. The final culmination of the world's desire is to be achieved by reason of this progress: such progress is best insured when men are just to themselves and just to each other.

Who can inculcate those principles that lead to the promptings of justice as can the teacher? He stands alone in this great work. The mind of the youth susceptible to any and every influence is given

into his hands hourly, daily and yearly by the confiding parent. This youth whose destiny the teacher controls is to be the future citizen panoplied with the citizen's rights.

The citizen lays the greatest foundation for usefulness by an absolutely pure and unselfish character, as the elevation of national character is wholly dependent upon the supremacy of his moral character. Froude says: "Do we clearly know in what a nation's greatness consists? Whether it be great or little depends entirely upon the sort of men and women it is producing. A sound nation is a nation composed of sound beings, healthy in body, strong of limb, true in word and deed; brave, sober, temperate, chaste; to whom morals are of more importance than wealth or knowledge; where duty is first and the rights of men are second; where, in short, men grow up and live and work, having in them what our ancestors called *the fear of God*. Therefore, all wise statesmen look first to the effect which is being produced on character; and institutions, callings, occupations, habits and methods of life are measured and estimated first and beyond every other consideration by this test." For us as a nation should come a righteous character first, as without the same we have no real greatness or abiding peace.

We speak in our great country of the liberty of conscience; but let it be forever understood that we demand the regnancy of an educated conscience before we admit of the same. Why spend millions

for legislation if our system and idea of education is in error? This wrong, all is wrong. In what do we differ from the nations receding? In our education, our growth of soul. We need fear nothing so much as an aristocracy of vice; the rise of this class means the death of all others, as all our liberty ends where moral wrong begins.

In America we are our own sovereigns, we rule ourselves. How, save by education, may we have the reign of the wise? We need fear neither foreign immigration, no matter what the caste; nor foreign invasion; nor sectional uprising, domestic strife; nor that ill begotten child of perdition—anarchy, which must be stamped out forever; nor any national woe; when the educator, untrammelled and free, works for the inculcation of all that is noble and aspiring into the mind of our youth. How appropriate seem the words of ex-President Cleveland at the memorial services held in Princeton in respect to the memory of Wm. McKinley, one of the noblest men of earth. Said he: "There is a most serious lesson for all of us in the tragedy of our late President's death. If we are to escape further attacks upon our peace and security we must boldly and resolutely grapple with the monster of anarchy. It is not a thing that we can leave to be dealt with by party or partisanship. Nothing can guarantee us against its menace except the teaching and practice of the best citizenship, the exposure of the ends and aims of the gospels of discontent and hatred of social order, and the brave enactment and execution of repressive laws."

"The universities and colleges cannot refuse to join in the battles against the tendencies of anarchy. Their help in discovering and warring against the relationship between the vicious councils of deeds of blood, and their steadying influence upon the elements of unrest cannot fail to be of inestimable value."

I add that it is no idle boast to say that the lawyer at the bar, the scientist in the laboratory, the statesman declaiming for liberty in the senate, the soldier-booted and spurred, battling for country 'mid war's alarms, all work or suffer or die in vain unless the teacher makes of the youth—the future citizen—all that he should be. His duty done and our country stands forever—our country stretching from reefed Atlantic's shore over hill and dale and outstretched prairies under the sun-lit skies to the land where dies the sun 'mid the roll of a placid ocean's swell, spreading again from the unsalted seas of the ice-fringed zone to the Southland's balmy zephyrs, as cooing as the dove's carol or a mother's summer song.

With our schools and colleges dotting every hill and dale, our marts freighted with argosies of every clime, our men the bravest and noblest of them all; our women—God bless America's women—the purest and fairest earth has ever seen since Adam lost his heart to Eve, our institutions, our liberties, our laws better than Solon's, making this nation the culmination of all past ages to be truly great, the fruition of the hopes of slumbering centuries,

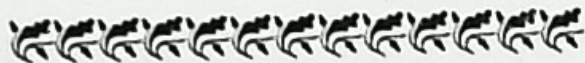
the dream of patriots whose bones are dust, whose good swords rust, whose souls are with the saints. These bodies convey the future of Missouri, and of our mother-land. As the teachers of the colored youth we are with you in all things tending forward. We pray for a closer bond of union in effort, in aspiration, in singleness of aim.

We shall struggle to make our youth worthy of the respect of your youth as you struggle to make your youth willing to respect our youth. With limited equipment, with not always pleasant surroundings, with meagre salaries we faithfully toil. Thus we move onward, thus we move upward, thus moves humanity to a higher destiny. We, as do you live for others, and thus live the most.

Fully conscious of this and our great mission as teachers; in this Holy Christmas-tide let us resolve to do as did the "First Great Teacher" 'mid Judea's holy hills near two thousand years ago, go forth whether 'mid Jew or Greek, bond or free, black or white and in His Name labor to hasten the day of universal "Peace on earth and good will toward men."

And now for this honor I thank you from my heart on the part of my race who sent me here. Again, I thank you.





THE PLACE OF THE NEGRO MINISTER IN THE SOLUTION
OF PENDING PROBLEMS.

The subject assigned me by your committee is to say the least one upon which the writer proceeds haltingly. He realizes that he is marking for man that to which man is called of God and must needs interpret but feebly the real status of this divine workman whose duties are enjoined by the All-Father from eternal thrones, and communicated by the Holy Spirit.

But to the end that it may not all be ethereal and visionary, we purpose to deal with the practical or material phase of the same. The fundamentals of our argument presuppose that in this eminently practical age the minister (not Negro minister alone—God's work being non-racial) is to help right any and every wrong palpable to him. He is not circumscribed, his sphere being as boundless as the area of injustice and wrong, his duty not done

A Paper read before the Afro American Council in session at St. Paul, Minn. in July 1902.

until errors in sociological, material, political moral and spiritual conditions shall have been at end.

For near twenty centuries the gospel of the Nazarene has been proclaimed to erring mankind, and the best hearts and best brain of the world have been given to its fostering. I take up no pessimistic strain, I rather cite unvarnished truth when I say that there are wrongs to be righted that shall yet call for the supreme efforts of the good, the pure and holy.

We believe the pulpit calculated to be as ever, one of the greatest forces in social progress. No one doubts the work to be done. We furthermore know it will not do itself. The laws of cause and effect inexorably demand that effort alone accomplish results.

Those conditions that savor of wrong should be, must be altered. Who would have the bad ones unaltered? Not the man with righteous heart and intelligent brain.

Let this alteration be a progressive growth toward a permanent goodness, inviting the happiness of all concerned.

An intelligent diagnosis of the conditions affecting society as a body has revealed a mortuary list doubly increased because of a disregard of the laws of health; and the promoters of public morals and human rectitude are astounded to find our great cities incubators of crime.

The disclosures thus manifested can but arouse to activity those desiring a betterment in the condition of mankind.

The class distinctions distracting the public, the servile and oftentimes suffering condition of the toiling masses make them feel that the aristocracy of republics and empires is arrayed against them. The assassination, murder, cabal, and internecine strife seen daily everywhere are oftentimes the result of communistic ideas permeating the life of these.

Against such conditions and results our present leaders must battle.

Force has never done its work to the complete satisfaction of its most earnest advocates; if these cared for permanency of results.

The vigilance that is necessary to compell men to obey law is that kind which destroys the nerve, wears out the heart and extinguishes the life of the one charged with this coercion.

In states also it leads to resentment; and as a result, kings fall by assassination, rulers die before their time, palaces must bristle with armed defenders who fail to defend, and the cry—away with all law and order, and its companion—down with all rulers, none are just—are heard around the world.

But how many champions has freedom thus gained? Few, few indeed.

Dead kings, thus murdered, have been canonized, and the meanest rulers have been blessed since their martyrdom. Ignorance or mad prejudice, blind to right and rights, Sampson-like drags down the temple upon itself in efforts to secure that which its half-benighted brain conceives to be justly its own.

The causes that lead to a rectifying of humanity's ills must be the result of a growth of sentiment having its hopes centered in the words "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

I observe here that the greatest efforts for reform socially, for the betterment of the oppressed of earth have come from efforts to put in force the teachings of Him who died to make men holy.

'Twas the golden rule that turned humanity's batteries on slavery and wiped the tears from the faces of four million slaves; it will be the golden rule in force, when it comes, that will make the whitest man and the blackest man of America shake hands and say "Verily all we are brethren".

Daniel Webster once said, "Where have the life-giving waters of civilization ever sprung up, save in the track of the Christian ministry?" Further said he: "I contend that no literary efforts, no adjudications, no constitutional discussions, nothing that has ever been done or said in favor of the great interest of universal man, has done this country more credit at home and abroad than our body of clergymen."

The supposition that laws externally applied can rectify ills is decidedly erroneous. Laws can be repressive in the case of the criminally inclined; but nothing can be substituted for the creation within of a clean heart, the lifting up of a soul out of the quagmire of low thoughts and vicious aims. To this end all are bending energies to the con-

forming of the mind of the individual to the better things of life, to the planting within of a hope of greatness—the result of goodness. We have learned this; that men can only be made wise and strong from internal causes working outward from which an awakened conscience arouses to the duties before one.

The work of Drummond and others is taking root. Men are believing that *other-ism* instead of *self-ism* should dominate the human soul. Huxley says, "Social progress means a checking of the cosmic progress at every step and a substitution for it of another which may be called the ethical progress; the end of which is not the survival of those who may happen to be fittest in respect to the whole of the conditions which exist, but of those who are ethically the best.

As I have already urged, the practice of that which is ethically the best—what we call goodness or virtue—involves a course of conduct which, in all respects, is opposed to that which leads to success in the cosmic struggle for existence. In place of ruthless self-assertion it demands self-restraint, in place of thrusting aside or treading down all competitors, it requires that the individual shall not merely respect but shall help his fellows: its influence is directed not so much to the survival of the fittest as to the fitting of as many as possible to survive.

Laws and moral precepts are directed to the end of curbing the cosmic progress and reminding the

individual of his duty to the community, to the protection and influence of which he owes, if not existence itself at least the life of something better than a brutal savage."

There is no man better situated to cry aloud this doctrine and to assist in works of reform, in illiteracy, vice and crime than the minister. The tenement-house question, than which there is none more vital must be handled successfully unless we would have these everlasting breeders of crime and misery. This leads to another question, the sequence of the same, prison reform. We reform very little if any by our methods. We convict, condemn, degrade, disgrace and cast into prison the unfortunate. We know not what he has resisted either in environments, lack of opportunity or hereditary traits. He meets in prison only others going downward. Such tactics mean not reform. Men reach no hearts thus. In the prison stockade and by the peonage system men beat and lash into submission. Ofttimes there is a spark of genius extinguished there, a soul that might be touched is hardened more and we see the subject turned out again into the world helpless, friendless to sink into other vices. Increased criminality proves that punishment does little as a preventative of crime in its fullest sense. Some man must strive to help. Let it be the man who has studied or who should study and know the effect of physical states and conditions upon psychological eccentricities and tendencies, let it be the work

of the man who says, *I follow him who came to seek and to save that which was lost.*

A discussion of the question of material or industrial conditions is proper; since these largely effect social conditions.

The tendency toward socialism or the clamoring for common ownership of everything is as unreasonable as its antipode--the enriching of the wealthy and the impoverishing of the poor. The war between labor and capital, between poverty and gold is not the ideal relationship to exist between the man in the office and the man at the forge. The employer and the employee must understand each other better. In this age of strenuous struggle for wealth and lust for power it is an hopeful sign that we are learning that wealth is not all, that men are striving to give to the most worthy causes the wealth accumulated during years of toil and sacrifice. The Cosmopolitan of some time ago said: "The mere accumulation of money, the most intricate problem in organization, the most difficult in finance, is as child's play compared with the opportunities offered by the problem of distribution. * * Former generations could not well undertake to solve the problem of how to distribute wealth when they had not yet learned how to create it. Progress in this direction was slow until science began to gain students. Time has come when a real virile, clean-cut idea is all-powerful in politics, in education, in religion, in business. It should be understood at once that no man or set of men is

powerful enough to combat one just idea. The time is practically here when no man will dare to form a business enterprise that will not bear what Mr. Roosevelt calls publicity. He must expect to have his scheme, if it involves the subscription of capital, eventually submitted to close analysis by the public. From hour to hour we hear the crash of edifices built upon the stupidity and pride of the centuries. This is to be pre-eminently the century of innovation". These innovations can be most splendidly made in part by multi-millionaires who are studying how to give best for humanity's good.

We are struggling away from a condition Victor Hugo paints of the England of a half century ago. Said he: "England creates wealth wonderfully; she distributes it badly. This solution which is complete only on one side, leads her inevitably to these two extremes; monstrous opulence, monstrous misery. All the enjoyment of the half is the privation of the rest, that is to say, the people.

Privilege, exception, monopoly, frugality spring from labor itself; a false and dangerous situation which founds public power upon private misery; which plants the grandeur of the state in the suffering of the individual". The man of vast wealth must learn that by amassing wealth at the expense of the soul and body of the man who earns bread by the sweating face in poverty, he only builds to his own ruin. His stupendous enterprises can only thrive continuously as is provided the trained toil-

er who because of brain and affection can give to this employer heart-service. Else eye-service and mutual distrust and disregard must ensue, inviting final ruin. With catholic spirit philanthropists of the Carnegie and Rockefeller type are giving to the cause of education and culture opportunities undreamed of until a short time ago.

A universal demand must go over the world for an enlargement of this spirit. This can but eventuate into a mutual confidence between man and man.

It is unreservedly admitted that most of our ills arise from a misunderstanding of the real motives and heart-throbs of each other and a relatively great disregard for the actual needs and satisfaction of our fellows. That in the province of creation we are all-yoke-fellows only the ignorant or prejudiced deny; but in the fulfillment of brotherhood's demands its scope is limited greatly by man. Is there one to-day who can see aught but a better era? I affirm that the gradual elevation of the civilization of the world from dateless ages has seen no diminution of a putting into force teachings of the Book of Books; and that in proportion as the gospel is heard and believed we shall see more and more accomplished for the world—the *doing unto others, as ye would that they should do unto you*.

For the examples of the necessity of this work in our political life, not as partisans, but in the broader political sense which looks to the adjust-

ment of national differences and the amelioration of unfortunate conditions either in mass or class; we have but to view the wrecked empires, and forgotten dynasties that furnish food for the historiographer.

The lesson taught by these is apparent to all, that the true commonwealth cannot be established and maintained without foundations of morals and religion. To those who would ask what right has the minister here, I would say—the right that any man seeking to rectify ills has to speak out against human error. I observe that the *fountains of living waters* have sprung up from the soil of Christianity; and that wherever manacled limbs have been freed and fettered arms unbound, Christianity's hand has been outstretched to aid and her voice has given the word of cheer.

The gradual awakening of mankind to duties and rights as well is an omen of good cheer to those who love their fellow-men. These two are but complements of each other. It is my duty to grant you your rights and vice versa. Duty of man to man, race to race, nation to nation in civic state has as a sure result the enlarging of rights, the performance of duties, the perfecting of fellowship. The universality of the demand for freedom is all in line with this trend. This freedom is not to come by revolutions as these generally mean the dethronement of one tyrant to make a place for pigmy martinets or to afford amusement for savage blood-letters of the Napoleonic stripe.

We want freedom to come in some other way. We want that all the world shall know that he who lives for others, lives for himself; and that we secure our own rights by a due consideration of the rights of others.

Out of this effectual effort for improvement has come the acknowledgement that God gives man certain inalienable rights—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—and that the man who over-rides or usurps these is worse than a thief and a murderer. Christ taught the duty of man to man. To this more and more we must come. The sea-born gale, the rolling plain for hundreds of years have brought the echo of the tocsin of war—but the wars of this latter day have not been for the sport and zest of kingly murderers; they are the results of some dispute as relates to the liberties of a people who would no longer be enslaved. Do you not read of petitions, bills of rights, patriots and martyrs?

What means this other than the oncoming struggle of the centuries—the struggle for liberty?

Armed warriors have melted away like wax before the taper, or have in turn massacred the babe in arms along with the sage in efforts to destroy the desire for this one boon—liberty.

Kings have threatened and with hoarse voice striven to drown the cry; but in its despair it has risen above all these and is heard today above all commotion wherever any peoples are enslaved.

Peonage, the land lease system, the denial of the suffrage in the Southland of our own country are strange sounding words to set beside the words

—liberty, human rights, "A government of the people, for the people, and by the people."

But freedom is coming; God wills it, Christ died for it, and it must be.

This cry for liberty is the outgrowth of the promptings of the soul, the reaching up of intuition's light out of the darkness of untoward fate. Who should be here to give succor and cheer? The true minister who labors in the struggle for a bloodless revolution of righteousness and justice and the victory of a just and equitable peace.

President Elliot recently said, "We ought to insist upon the fundamentally moral character of the issues of the hour. The national issues which today most conspicuously agitate public opinion are at the bottom moral questions, and they will never be permanently settled until they are settled according to the requirements of right feeling, brotherly sympathy, and impartial justice."

The discussion of all the ills or remedial plans for a better state is but futile if the moral or spiritual condition of the individual and hence the state or nation is neglected. This work of the minister is commonly conceded to be along the lines of heart-moulding and spiritual development.

Dr. Hillis in comparing it with other professions says: "When all other arts have been secured it teaches the art of right living; when all other sciences have been mastered it teaches the science of conduct at home, in the market and in the forum. It puts its stamp not on wood that will rot; not into

iron that will rust; not into colors that will fade; but into minds and hearts that are immortal."

So much then for the loftiness of the work, if such term I may use.

I wonder if we all see what is sometimes the work of a Sabbath half-hour? Ruskin eloquently and truthfully puts it—"Precious indeed those thirty minutes in which the teacher tries to get at the separate hearts of a thousand men to convince them of all their weaknesses, to shame them for all their sin, to warn them of all their dangers, to try by this way and that to stir the hard fastenings of the doors where the Master himself has stood and yet none opened; and to call at the opening of those dark streets where wisdom herself hath stretched forth her hand and no man regarded. Thirty minutes to raise the dead in."

Well put is this case by the mighty painter. It is a splendid commentary on the sanity of the age to have so much preachment of Christ going on at this time. In this age of books, printing-presses and deluges of mighty thought, attempts to fathom the mysteries of God remain and man's search for a diviner life and hope of happiness and rest beyond the grave still last. This is as it should be as almshouses and jails decrease in the ratio that the churches increase.

I verily believe that it were well for mankind if the Nazarene's gospel could be heard ere battle-smoke clears away in the march of conquest. I should have said that could it always be heard and

practiced before; there would be no hurtling clash of battle shock. Until man is not—preaching will remain not a luxury but a necessary part of man's existence. In the making of many books on "How to Live" 'tis sometimes argued that preachment is not so vitally essential; but "So long as life is full of strife and conflict, so long as men are the children of misfortune, adversity and defeat; so long as troubles roll over the earth like sheeted storms, so long as dark minds need light and inspiration, and the pilgrim, floundering through the wilderness needs a leader, and a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, will religion remain the guide, the hope, the friend, the support of the people."

Through this avenue many are the truths brought to man for his sake. Why for man's sake? Because when man chooses to tread the higher pathways, he on the wings of soul joins hands with his God and though chained to earth is linked to heaven. Why should not efforts be directed toward man's uplift? why should he grovel in the dust when skies above invite his gaze? why writhe like a serpent on the ground when he like the eagle may out glare the sun? In short, why should he not be as near as possible like God? This question, those who have faith in man's betterment are asking to-day as never before. The surest way to divert the mind from old sins and follies is to open up to it something better, more inviting and more profitable. 'Tis the expulsion of the old, worthless, sinful idea by the adoption of the new idea that cleanses.

To train out of the lower self into the higher self, to raise out of the ignoble into the noble, to direct aright the ever growing mind, to make better the ever-evolving soul, to put to work the idle hand directed by the enlightened brain inspired to nobler deeds by an illumined spirit—'tis this that makes man, no matter what the race or color, God's noblest workmanship and earth's all.

The reclaiming of fallen man is the problem of today and all forces are tending toward the accomplishment of this result. The question asked and we trust affirmatively answered is—is your fallen man with soul immortal, stronger, nobler and still higher after all efforts for his recovered state have been exercised?

The application of all such forces, if successful, leads to an inner climbing of a soul back to God. A sad sight indeed to see the sightless ones of earth shut out from all the world of nature. How much more sad to see man *spiritually, morally* blind to the beauties of the character of Christ, of the glory of God.

The hope of all this moralizing and the propagation of these religious themes is to the end that to the *spiritually blind man every where* all sky and star, all river and land, all earth and sea, all valley and mountain, all ocean-swell and foam-capped wave, all hieroglyphic rock, all roaring Niagara, all continent wild and free or civilized, all boundless time with its lights and shadows, its changes and counter-changes, all joys, sorrows and suffering for a

while and final ecstasy shall show to him the beauty of holiness, the righteousness that exalteth a nation, the completeness of creation's plan, the greatness of God,

'Tis evidently apparent to the casual observer that to a fulfillment of these vast demands strong men alone can labor.

They trumpet to hearers strong of brain and keenly alive to every movement time has played and is playing on the boards of the flying years. The hearers have books, libraries, and facilities for learning; or its opposite, ignorance and dullard brains. Both classes must be reached. To-day's listeners many times surpass yesterday's preachers. The preacher while expecting much of his hearers, far more than could the Apostle Paul expect of his hearers; must also as a preacher be a powerful man, an almost universal scholar and student.

The theologies and languages must not be all, there still remain the magazines, the periodicals, the books that tell of to-day's life and efforts. Questions of finance, of industrial war, of equity and jurisprudence all contribute to the sum total of a wide range of thought he is expected to know.

The work of the ministry is changing every day. The demands made by new conditions are for new methods. The ministers who to-day are lifting the load are those who are applying the gospel of Jesus Christ to modern things by modern means. The importance of this work is never magnified. I ask

as does a writer, "Is not the beauty of your sweet children left in wretchedness and disgrace, while with better honor, nature clothes the brood of the bird in its nest, and the suckling of wolf in her den? And does not every winter's snow robe what you have not robed and shroud what you have not shrouded; and every winter's wind bear up to heaven its wasted souls to witness against you hereafter, by the voice of their Christ—'*I was naked and ye clothed me not*'?" The idea is to-day extant and justly so that the Bible is better understood through deeds than sayings. "Be ye also doers of the word."

To this work of practical preachment are asylums, homes for fallen, rescue societies and parties of reform committed. Pioneering these must be the work of the pulpit in the progress of the world toward better days.

I have pitched my theme upon the broad plane of the *Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man*. This would make the work of the Negro minister lose its identity as a racial effort and place a ban upon any who could think of excluding from God's plan of salvation any of God's creatures. The dreamer may picture it as it should be; the practical man of affairs pictures it as it is. The equality of creation has been rendered a non-equality by man. The moral or soul-saving work of both the white and Negro pulpit is identical with God; before His bar they stand on an equal footing, while with man they walk only partially together. There is

no question however but that the work of the Negro minister must go farther than that of the white brother. His is the greater obstacle to overcome, the heavier load to bear.

Sociologically more of degradation to meet, less of intelligence upon which to work, less of means with which to work. The idea of means with which to work involves a practical plan of salvation by the changing of the environment of the one to be saved. Why should not the beast return to the wallow when the wallow is left so near? However, in a measure, he is bravely meeting this day by day.

Politically the Negro minister is circumscribed as his constituency in a great measure is divested of all political rights. His labors in their behalf will however under the law of compensation cause the Negro to secure education and property to meet the qualification to vote. His preachment and battle for their civic rights will not deter him from admonishing them to try by true worth to remove any embargoes now laid in their way because of alleged inferiority. Industrially and materially he must also, on the higher grounds outlined for the minister of all, labor for humanity altogether, thus pleasing God; he must in as great a degree make industrial openings for his own by teaching them to prepare for opportunities to be opened.

The white minister can preach for love of employer and employee avoiding strikes, the other may do this but he must often do more—preach that the striker who will not work shall not at-

tempt to maltreat those of his race who would work. His work changes with locality and environment; but he must adjust himself to all. Being closer in touch with the great mass of people he can be preacher, teacher, pioneer, leader, statesman, all. While doing work in general for the church and of the church—he must be the conservative, artful, specific worker who wins men's hearts (black or white) and does not anger God. While preaching no special gospel he must accentuate phases of the same. His work—pioneer, missionary, constructive, deals with the problem of the resurrection of a race.

What shall the harvest be? That question asks the toiler, the artisan, the social leader, the statesman, the churchman, the races of earth, black and white. With men of the proper mould at work—reinforced as he is by so many professionals and laity anxious to be taught and in turn lift as they climb—the harvest shall be full and ripe to the salvation of man and the glory of God.

The slumbering ages may tell of a story of battle and blood, of strife and toil, of false philosophy and pagan splendor, of crusades and search for sacred tombs, of paintings almost rivaling nature, of sculpture defying all later times to repeat, but the great purpose of all is not there, the mighty purpose of creation was left out and so it would have remained but for a closer result; a heart problem now to be at last solved—the betterment of man, the saving of the lowest, the bringing to-

gether of the world, the making of all hearts as that of a little child, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.

This is the work of the ministry, the only real triumph of the Christian Church.

"Woe, then, to all who grind
Their brethren of a common Father down!
To all who plunder from the immortal mind
Its bright and glorious crown!

Woe, to the priesthood! woe
To those whose hire is with the price of blood, —
Perverting, darkening, changing, as they go,
The searching truths of God!

Their glory and their might
Shall perish; and their very names shall be
Vile before all the people, in the light
Of a world's liberty.

O, speed the moment on
When Wrong shall cease, and Liberty and Love
And Truth and Right throughout the earth be
known
As in their home above."





THE NEGRO OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

In this day of magazines, periodicals, reviews, printing presses and widespread opinion it is exceedingly difficult to say the unsaid, or think the unthought.

We have had the vexed question of the future of the Negro debated by men of every stripe and type. The fact that the question does not down is indicative of the seriousness attending the same.

The Dutch ship responsible for the first cargo of Africans brought here has injected into American civilization a condition which though not entirely to all America's liking, is one she must confront. The Negro may be the deformed child of the family, kept back when visitors are around Uncle Sam's house; but privation, suffering and abuse do not put him underground—he lives on to claim his heritage. He is a part of the events of America's best centuries, and what he to-day is despite the conditions around him and out of which he has

An Article contributed to a Symposium in the Christian Recorder of Philadelphia, Pa.

come, will, in a large measure, forecast the status of the Negro of the Twentieth Century.

African jungle, desert sands, wierd, uncanny incantations and beliefs as to God, with a slavery-outdoing the servitude of Jehovah's chosen people under Egypt's proud Pharaoh's were poor schools out of which to graduate successful competitors with the makers of the civilization of to-day.

But fortune's ever turning wheel throughout the centuries has brought undreamed of changes in the Negro's life. He has not perhaps done all his most enthusiastic friends desired; because they were in many instances, reformers, idealists, dreamers, who measured cold blooded, commercially selfish compeers by their own individual standards and expected these compeers to grant the Negro every opportunity and consideration they (his friends) would grant. Possibly too he has been at fault himself. False leaders, who cared little for him and much less for right, have injured his cause; but in a larger measure well-meaning but misguided leaders have failed to do their heart's desire. It is, however, gratifying to note that the Negro is discovering his mistakes in time and is seeking, successfully so, to remedy these.

His record since emancipation is a hopeful one. The discouraging prophecies of enemies to a greater degree than the sanguinary predictions of friends have failed of realization. The conjectures, that his emancipation meant ostracism by his former masters and hence barbarism, have

been denied by his elite society, today a credit to him and comparing well with that of the white man similarly situated from a standpoint of wealth and education.

His desire for culture, art, literature and science, his so-called mimicry of the refinement of other races now second and approximating first nature have proven his susceptibility to the most refined states in an incontrovertible way. If the Negro can do this before the echo of slave chain rattle dies; what may we not expect of his progressive, ambitious children, when slavery becomes a tale that is told after the sleep of dead generations of the twentieth century?

Politically, the Negro has run well for a season only. When a slave, his master protected his body as does any man protect his real property or live stock. When freed by clash of arms this ex-master unwillingly saw him clothed with a citizen's rights. But in a country where leaders are made and unmade by the people—no man without a vote can demand that which is his due. Men generally contemn underlings and inferiors. They respect their equals.

His friends who advocated his enfranchisement did the only logical and just thing to be done at that time; otherwise he would have suffered more than he has. If the trite saying, republics are never ungrateful, be true—then a race that had bled for the salvation of the republic only yesterday deserved and deserves as much right to vote

to-day as does the man or men who did all in their power on this yesterday to destroy it.

The Continental Fathers fought because of taxation without representation. The Negro's enfranchisement was in accord with American traditions and our national sense of justice; but it is rapidly passing away. When the reputed fraudulent President Hayes withdrew bayonets and federal support, the dagger of the desperate ex-master and the white man's ability to outgeneral the misguided Negro accomplished what to day is seen in some sections politically.

Ignorance succumbs to intelligence, brains rule the world. Educate the Negro intellectually everywhere to know how to rightly cast his ballot, morally to be incorruptible in politics, to be no Esau for the white Jacob, and industrially to take care of himself in the commercial world; and the Negro of the Twentieth century will recognize and scorn the corruptor's mess of pottage and have and hold forever his political birth-right.

I am not sure that the education of the Negro has not been somewhat at fault. The object of education, aside from its ethical value, is the making of a good, successful citizen and neighbor. His environment will largely determine the education needed.

When the son of the ex-master was pushed through our greatest institutions of learning it was with a full knowledge of the fact that to him is given fullest opportunity to strive for any eminence his genius and ability untrammelled might bring.

But the Negro freedman circumvented in a way making such impossible was wrong as to the success of his effort when he went wholly to the classical, the professional life. The hope of the race is in the masses. The hope of the masses in industrialism, the parent and forerunner of powerful commercialism. We need only instance the Jews and others to prove this fact.

If we are all professionals, who shall make the bread and butter? Who shall delve and pick, and hew wood and carry water and be the robust yeomanry and artisans; while others are lawyers and physicians; while some are powerful theologians and with the learned professor trace out the mystery of God's creations and note the sail of glow worlds in a trackless sea of sky and vastest void, or up in the domain of mighty silent thought ferret out the greatest mysteries of the Great Parent of us all?

The Negro is seeing this mistake. He sees it in the idleness of our youth upon the streets, the vice and crime resultant of the same, and he is getting out a new plan for his structure. A new architect's drawing he has considered. He has begun his building and is laying his corner stone as the twentieth century begins. Mark you, he begins this building at the bottom and not the top; and here he rectifies the mistake made by the first architect whose plans were accepted when the Emancipation became the fruition of the Magna Charta. I am pleased with the corner stone and have this to say;

that if in the twentieth century the Negro makes as his slogan these words—education, industry, true worth, honor and virtue, the winds may blow and beat upon this house but it will not fall.

Some question if the Twentieth Century Negro will be lynched and outraged continually as is the Negro of the present time; the answer is problematical. It however is partially in his hands. Let him educate and become useful. I do not mean by this to say that he is always responsible for these lynchings by his own wrong doings. But in proportion as the idle young Negro is trained to be useful and is steadily employed does he become less susceptible to crime of any kind. I believe that at times he is wrongfully accused, lynchings are not always concerned about the absolute proof of guilt when an individual is charged with crime. But this is especially true when the Negro is accused. The crime of color with some individuals is all but heinous. This however is no apology for rapists and murderers, let them be punished; but according to law, if the country is to be a law-abiding and law-governed country. None of these statements must be construed to mean that I believe that no Negroes are guilty of the vilest of crimes. No. No. I am sufficiently conversant with human nature and human history to know that there is that of depravity in some individuals that leads to the most unspeakable crimes. Witness the tales of barbarous outrage by conquering hordes, who have invaded citadels in other lands and in other times; witness the debauching of my race for two and one half

centuries of slavery, thus giving to the race colors from blackest ebony to almost alabaster whiteness. In slavery (and I repeat that which the best white men have said and written) some slaveholders saw black Hagar turned away from their doors; while they conveniently and with profit sold Ishmael to the slave trader of that time.

These things we would fain forget; and none but self-respecting Negroes can fully know how humiliated, cast-down, and how wounded in heart and anguished of soul we feel when the daily papers bring the news of a Negro accused of these vile crimes. Immediately we feel that a trial by jury should be had and the guilty one given the punishment commensurate with law and evidence.

But we are stunned, and made to wonder what is to be the end of all, when our people are burned; and mob fury is not satiated until innocent, defenseless ones are driven out of their homes and their property is destroyed. A southern governor, though much mistaken and prejudiced as well regarding the benefits of education for the Negro as evinced by his inaugural address, is to be thanked by the Negro and commended by the American people for his prompt action in preventing mob-violence in Mississippi a few weeks ago. The inactivity of certain northern governors (with decidedly pro-Negro speech making proclivities) is strangely in contrast with that of this man of contradicting personality—the state executive of Mississippi.

But we must not digress. The remedy proffered will make for the best interest of the Negro. He will rear a family a credit to any community, this evolution will go on and on, and as the twentieth century grows in years, he will grow in honor standing and wealth; thus as a consequence the feeling in his favor will largely nullify efforts to fix the vilest of crimes upon his kind.

Friends of abolitionist and civil rights tendencies are gone. A new era has come. The Negro is to take care of himself or go down. The Negro of the Twentieth Century is to become the competitor of the white man of the twentieth century. When the battle shock, inevitable and sure, comes, will the Negro survive? That's the question. This is also problematical. It is a question solved, settled by internal and not external forces. He will survive if he is fittest; fittest to meet every condition, to solve every problem, to face any and every foe. No one questions his bravery on the battlefield, no one doubts his moral courage. Witness San Juan Hill and his defense of his master's family while this master was engaged in civil war, or his devotion to principle in poverty and privation from day to day. But these are not enough, not all. He must be able to take care of himself in the competitions of the twentieth century life.

This will be the surpassing century of all in the world's development to this time. We are persuaded that the proper education enabling the race to meet all these demands, to stand every cru-

cial test will carry him bounding to the fore and that up out of the depths, under lowering blackening, riftless clouds, through storms that would have destroyed the most hardy, there will exist by reason of merit and worth a Negro living a great life, thinking great thoughts, doing great things, an appreciated, potent factor in all the progress of the twentieth century he is helping to make greater.



PEACE WITHOUT EQUALITY.

Editor Mail and Breeze:—Your request for a letter, setting forth my views upon the race question is complied with without hesitancy, since you are so broad and liberal that I am confident that whatever I may say will be considered for just what it is worth—no more; no less.

I trust to be free from any bias that ordinarily would influence one so directly concerned, and answer your queries as one seeing from the standpoint of an American, rather than as a Negro pure and simple.

To begin with, I think there is quite too much discussion of the Negro both by the "yellow journals" (white) and "yellow journals" (colored.)

Phases of the Race Problem—A Symposium published Oct 10, 1903, in the "Mail and Breeze," the leading weekly of Kansas consisted of contributions by Dr. F. W. Blackmar, the noted sociologist of the University of Kansas, ex-Governor J. P. St. John, reform governor, Col. M. M. Mardock, the veteran publisher of the Wichita Eagle, Justice David J. Brewer and the Author on the following queries sent out by the Editor, Hon. T. A. McNeal: 1—Is the Negro generally treated unjustly? 2—Is he becoming a more useful citizen? 3—What is the chief cause of the race troubles? 4—Will they culminate in a race war, as occasionally predicted? 5—In what way may a better understanding between the races be effected? 6—Are the two races to continue to exist side by side as American citizens, or is a geographical separation inevitable? This Article, "Peace Without Equality," was contributed by the Author.

Both have a tendency to focus too much attention upon him, thus causing him in the every day affairs of life to be a marked man.

By this means the good, self respecting Negro is becoming the unexpected creature, unaccounted for, and the bad Negro the thing expected—the type considered worthy of restraint only as the wild beast, or, at least not as are other criminals restrained and punished.

You ask me, "Is the Negro generally treated unjustly?" To this I submit that we must first denominate what we consider to be just treatment.

I am sure that the average man would consider fair treatment in the main to be the right to work untrammelled and unmolested, to have comfortable fare in places of travel and public, to have political liberty, the protection of law, the right of trial by a jury of his peers when charged with crime or misdemeanor.

With such sentiments as are set forth by the Declaration of Independence and embodied in the Constitution of the United States as our national criterion, the above enumerated sentiments are necessarily true.

If any man or set of men are denied these, according to American standards, they are treated unjustly.

For me to say that the respectable, aye, the best Negroes are often made to suffer inconvenience and hardship, to accept the most menial employment at the most meagre wages, when ambitious

and competent to do other work, for no other reason than that they are Negroes, is a statement in support of which I can produce abundant evidence.

This I have seen time and again.

We have in many sections organizations which refuse to accept the Negro as a member, and yet strike when he is employed to work with them, giving as a reason that he is not a member of such organization.

This seems to me to be extremely hard when we consider that the Negro laborer's love for his wife and children is as but the love of any other man for his family—the ones for whom death is sweet if by the same they live in happiness and security. This I would call unjust treatment.

As to the matter of comfort in places of travel, quite often are Negroes made to feel positive discomfort, being compelled to go hungry with money in their pockets when no one will sell to them. They are made to travel in second class coaches and "Jim Crow" cars, after paying the same fare as other passengers.

The Negro who must thus escort or send his female relatives from one locality to another will hardly feel that such treatment is just.

Again, the disfranchisement of the Negro is becoming so general that there seems in many sections, not southern, a disposition to acquiesce in the same.

I am quite sure that in America we all are convinced that every citizen should have a "free ballot

and a fair count," and that any other system is unjust, tyrannical and revolutionary.

I would not for once say that irresponsible men should vote simply because they are of age, but I do believe that if property or educational qualifications are to be in vogue, they should apply to the white man and Negro alike.

In such a country as ours, where the people are sovereign, the ballot should be held sacred and is the means of protection for any constituency. Deprived of this the regnancy of justice is a hollow mockery and free government a myth.

Again, even where there remains the right to vote, we sometimes have ambitions to hold public office. For what can we expect or hope? I fear not much in the way of offices of public trust.

No man who does not feel as we only can feel, realizing how high our ambition soars, and how low must remain our estate, can appreciate the feeling of some Negroes who have predilections toward politics and statesmanship and yet must forever eschew the same because of this condition. Personally, it is my opinion that the Negro's earlier belief that politics constituted the *sine qua non* of his life's mission was baneful. His real conception of true citizenship should be the securing of education and real property, becoming a taxpayer, the formation of noble character and the participation in politics, as does every patriotic citizen, as a matter of civic duty, to assist in the securing of the purity and prosperity of the state and the happiness of all the people.

But to-day the greatest of all sufferings the Negro's portion is the fact that in many localities he is almost without protection of law or guarantee of life. To be simply accused of a crime now often means that his life is in jeopardy. Lynchings for that foulest of all crimes, outrage, have graduated into burnings and inhuman torture, and now the innocent Negro is at times terrorized, driven from home and sometimes mobbed because of his brother Negro's crime. Witness the Joplin mob, the Evansville and Danville mobs and many others.

Permit me to say that the plea for reasonable fare in public places and travel is no appeal for the adoption of that conjure term, "social equality," used by Negro-baiters, or possibly dreamed of by a few foolishly ambitious Negroes. *A man selects his own company or society.* I do not believe sensible people believe such will be in the remotest future as the term is used—however, I think the rules of common fairness in a business and humane way should and will regulate this condition without any thought of social equality.

Far be it from me still more to make any excuse for outrage by any man upon the womanhood of either race, but let a speedy trial, conviction and punishment according to law be the portion of the guilty, that the whole of any race may not be blamed for the sins of one man and subjected to a treatment putting America in a light of shame before the world, thus making our appeal for the Jews a joke, a meaningless plea in the eyes of other nations.

These are the unjust attitudes assumed toward the Negro in far too many sections for his security and happiness, or for the good name of our common country.

You ask, "Is he becoming a more useful citizen?" He is in a great measure. Statistics prove that he is seeking education in the public schools and higher institutions of learning.

He is getting a better grade of teachers for his schools, a more earnest, able set of preachers for his pulpit, competent physicians to minister unto him in sickness, learned, eloquent lawyers to plead at the bar or protect his affairs in equity.

He pays taxes on over 600 million dollars worth of realty holdings, exclusive of church and school property, all amassed by hard labor and not very remunerative wages since his emancipation.

He has produced some statesmen, such as Douglass, Bruce, Elliot, and White; orators such as Price, Brown, Mason and Derrick; educators such as Payne, Michell, Page and the great apostle of industrialism, Booker T. Washington.

Negro boys have carried off honors at Cornell, Brown, Yale and Harvard.

Flora Batson, the song bird; Dubois, the scholar; Taylor, the musician; Ira Aldrige, the tragedian; Embry, the theologian, are ours.

Tanner has painted, Dunbar has tuned his lyre and, touched by the muses, broken forth in song that dies no more.

These are the giants, the ones who have arisen to

noble heights and contributed to the sum total of America's great achievements.

There are still millions who, despite ignorance and poverty, toil on, trust God, live honest lives and in humble homes do the best they can or know.

There are Negro women by the thousands who toil over the washtub or ironing board and still live true to home and love—whose every effort is for the weal and better life of their children.

There are many thousands of Negro youth educated and refined who seek employment of the higher kind, and failing to secure the same, accept any honorable toil, however menial, and cheerfully struggle and hope for better things.

I admit that many are in idleness and drift into crime; but oftentimes they have been educated along the aesthetic lines and are barred from all employment tending toward or encouraging the same.

Idleness ensues, and this means crime.

We notice Negro criminality more because we are beginning to expect more of him than his few years of freedom and untoward environment would warrant.

However, I would not thus excuse the Negro loafer. I would have him learn the lesson of all races—particularly the Anglo-Saxon race—to work at whatever his hands find to do, to save a portion of what he earns, however little, to rise from the lowly estate to a place of command. The Negro of respectability must not condone the offenses or

approve the idleness of the Negro loafer and criminal, since we are all to be elevated in the eyes of the world only by an improvement of the criminal class as well as others. Being farthest behind in life's race, we must work more zealously to lift as we climb.

These ills upon the nation are but the result of slavery and must be for a time borne; and thus will toil and patience on the part of all true Americans make better the situation now calling for calm thought and pure motives everywhere.

It is not an easy matter to assign any one satisfactory reason for the present race troubles.

To begin with, the American people are expecting too much of the Negro, only forty years from slavery with its degrading, debauching influences of two and one-half centuries.

This was antedated by centuries of barbarism. No race similarly environed has done more than has the Negro race.

Because of proscription and lack of education he is often unable to take advantage of the situation around him, and thus at times seems a burden to his white neighbor, and then comes the desire to cast him out from among the American people. Then the yellow journals and some rabid editors are publishing inflammatory articles about the Negro.

Southern sentiment is working North, the hypocritical cry of "Let the South handle the problem in her own way" is being listened to by

many—and such doctrines are slowly but surely having their effect.

What is the way of the South?

The supplanting of the old slavery destroyed by Sherman's march to the sea and the silent hero, Grant, and his legions with a worse and still more cowardly one—"Jim Crow" cars, whitecaps peonage, the land lease system and the still worse hurt, the wholesale slandering of the entire race as being worthless, dangerous and morally dangerate.

There are thousands of Negroes in every locality of consequence who are a daily refutation of this last charge. As to whether there will finally be a race war, I answer "No." The mere suggestion of a struggle of such sweeping significance as that of a war upon no other principle than that of men fighting and destroying each other because of a difference in color is a thing that must not be, cannot be. The horrors of such a struggle both would feel.

To conceive of the civilized world standing by in this age while ten millions of human beings are fought, conquered and slaughtered by seventy millions is a distorted mental picture not possible while conscience and reason live.

To feel that the American white man would force the same is to doubt his sanity and Christianity, and to feel that the Negro is reckless enough to bring on the same is to think him a madman. In such a struggle the Negro might finally be destroyed, but the courage displayed by both

racers in all America's wars would, inspired by the desperation of such a conflict, lead to horrors worse than the French Revolution inviting the demolition of our governmental fabric.

I am for peace. I want no war or strife. Some predict war. Despite predictions to the contrary, this cannot be. No, unless God be dead and Christ a myth forevermore.

As to your next query, may I say I believe it possible to effect a better understanding between the races.

I cannot bring myself to that degree of pessimism that doubts the final triumph of right and justice. The laws of the land provide for the same, the economy of Divine creation demands it.

A better era will come.

I have generally found the best white men in sympathy with Negroes striving for the right.

The better elements in both races have no quarrel. Our serious race troubles are usually begun by the more radical and oft-times vicious of both races.

These sooner or later enlist the sympathy of the better classes.

The sanest thought of the age is for a better understanding. This will come by the pursuance of the proper course on the part of the leaders.

Let the white minister preach charity, righteousness and the true Christianity, at the same time condemning sin and violence without stint, whether on the part of the lawbreaker or the mob.

Let the Negro minister preach the same Christianity and love, take the same stand against criminals and mobs, and foster morality and education among his people.

Let him teach the Negro that brain, character and property are today our greatest need. Let him preach that, since we are on trail, we must all the more struggle to rise.

Let all the race be as quick to have a Negro criminal punished, according to law as are any of the American people, and thus refute the charge that we uphold criminals and maintain a lower standard of morals than other races.

The Negro needs more farmers and fewer loafers, more money and less poverty, more true manhood and less veneer and sham, more doctors and fewer quacks, more competent school teachers and fewer wage-drawing school keepers. In short, he must approach man's highest standard and the demands of God everywhere.

Then let the whites who would settle the question aright keep radical Negro haters away from Chautauquas, where the best means of settling the race question are being discussed. Let them cease to give wide publicity to the sayings of unreasonable orators (who will not see anything good in us) whose high official position enables them to add fuel to flames already consuming our national traditions and principles sacredly consecrated by the blood of patriots of both races since Knox was martyred at Bunker Hill or the Negro, Attucks,

cell on Boston Commons. This will all bring about the only solution consistent with reason and our present civilization.

Lastly, I aver that the races are to continue to exist side by side as American citizens, emigration being impossible.

The Jamestown settlers came to America in 1607, the Negroes in 1619, the Pilgrim Fathers in 1620. Side by side, though as master and slave, they have worked, suffered, fought and died. In peace the Negro has been faithful and helped to tunnel mountains, dike seas, construct railroads, delve in the mines, cultivate the soil and make his brawn and sweat a part of our country's fabric.

In war he has never faltered, as will the battle of Croton river in the Revolutionary war, New Orleans in the War of 1812, and the brave blacks of Fort Wagner, Olustee and mines of Petersburg, and many other sanguinary fields of the civil war attest. And the Cuban soil, where sleep the brave heroes of the Ninth and Tenth regulars, the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth (See President Roosevelt's tribute) is hallowed with the ashes of Negro ex-slaves and their children, all saying to America that the strong black arm and brave heart of ten millions of her citizens will be given gladly for her sake.

Why cannot such a people remain here in peace and security?

These plead, entreat us not to leave these hills and ivy mantled cliffs, made by nature towers and

citadels to human liberty and freedom. We cannot gather the tears and groans of near three centuries and the bleached bones of our loved ones in cane brake and cotton patch or on battle field, left there for all these years. These we would want with us as a memorial.

The best white men are going to help him to help himself as has been the case for generations.

I am convinced that by the adoption of the right methods the two races will exist side by side peacefully without social equality, but as loyal Americans, respecting each other and working for, fighting for and, as ever in the past when called upon, dying for this country of ours—America, the asylum of the oppressed, the gift of the All-Father to the down-trodden of earth.

Trusting you will pardon this too lengthy letter, frankly written, I am your humble servant.

THE END.



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